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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 252.—Vol. XIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 30, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Mr. Lyn Harding (*as Jim Callender*) Miss Marie George (*as Bess Bissett*)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

PLOTTING A MARRIAGE OF MAYFAIR AT DRURY LANE

The unprincipled villain, Jim Callender (Mr. Lyn Harding), inducing the equally unprincipled music-hall artist, Bess Bissett (Miss Marie George), to marry the foolish old uncle, Lord Adolphus Villiers (Mr. Albert Chevalier), in "The Marriages of Mayfair" at Drury Lane

No. 252.—Vol. XIX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

Amusements

EMPIRE. LYDIA KYAKSHT in the Ballet COPPELIA, And Selected Variety Programme. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE ROYAL. Managing Director, Arthur Collins. THE MARRIAGES OF MAYFAIR. By Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30. Matinées Wed., Thurs., and Sat., at 1.30.

BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL. OCTOBER 14, 15, 16, and 17, 1908.

"Elijah"; Passions Oratorio (Woyrsch); Choral Symphony (Beethoven); King Olaf (Elgar); Andromeda (Rootham); Lay of the Bell (Max Bruch); Watch ye, Motett (Bach); Ode to Wellington (Stanford); Die Walkure (Wagner), &c., &c.

Mesdames Nicholls, Allen, Squire, Wood, Hare, Taggart, Clara Butt, Lunn, Jones, Lett, Lonsdale, Yelland. Messrs. Davies, McCormack, Chandos, Hyde, Baker, Radford, Austin, Knowles, Rumford, Greene, Thomson. Miss Mildred Pritchard and Herr Fritz Kreisler. Conductor, Mr. George Riseley. Special Rail arrangements. Programmes, Secretary, Bristol.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Moore's Almanac, 1909. (Cassell: 6*d.*)

Life's Pictorial Comedy. Vol. xx.; No. 115. (6*d.* net.)

The Smart Set. October, 1908; Vol. xxvi.; No. 2. Edited by W. J. Thorold. (1*s.*)

"The Governors." By E. P. Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Angling and Art in Scotland." By E. E. Briggs. (Longmans: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Richard Strauss." By E. Newman. (Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"John the Baptist." By Hermann Sudermann. (Lane: 5*s.*)

"Orthodoxy." By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane: 5*s.*)

"British Country Life." Edited by E. Thomas. (Hodder and Stoughton: 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"69, Bernam Road." By W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"F.C.G.'s Froissart." By Sir F. C. Gould. (Fisher Unwin: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"That Girl." By Ethel Turner. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Seven Splendid Sinners." By W. R. H. Trowbridge. (Fisher Unwin: 15*s.* net.)

"A Bachelor's Love Tale." By Antony Grimm. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Book of the Sirens." By Rathwell Wilson. (Greening: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Portalone." By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening: 1*s.* net.)

"The Age of Shakespeare." By A. C. Swinburne. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.* net.)

"The Childhood of Men." By F. Frobenius. (Sisley's: 16*s.* net.)

"The Children's Ænied." By A. J. Church. (Sisley's: 5*s.*)

"Ships of Desire." By Kate Horn. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"The Ghost Kings." By H. Rider Haggard. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"The Wife of Lafayette." By M. MacDermot Crawford. (Nash: 15*s.* net.)

"Disciples of Plato." By F. C. Philips and P. Fendall. (Nash: 6*s.*)

"The *Londons* of the British Fleet." By Edward Fraser. (Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Book of Fern Culture." By A. Hemsley, F.R.H.S. (Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Heroes of Modern Crusades." By E. Gilliat. (Sisley's: 5*s.*)

"Romance of Bird Life." By J. Lea. (Sisley's: 5*s.*)

"The Heart Smiter." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Kitty Landon's Girlhood." By Jessie Armstrong. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"A Practical Guide for Diners and Epicures." By a Practical "Maître d'Hotel." (Simpkins, Marshall: 5*s.* net.)

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To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King in Scotland

The King enjoyed his stay at Tulchan Lodge, where his comfort and taste is particularly studied. While it is tartans, tartans all the way, both at Castle Grant (where the tartans are made of the wool of the sheep on the estate) and at Tulchan, a pleasant break is made in the private apartments of his Majesty. The Royal bedroom and sitting (or working) room are both chintz-covered—even the walls are papered to match—and only white-painted wood makes a relief from the figured and cheerful effect. A bright change from stately, if solemn, palaces.

* * *

Royal Duty

Quite of the ordinary was the Council held by the King on Saturday at Balmoral. Unlike Queen Victoria, who frequently gathered her Ministers officially around her when in Scotland, King Edward has hitherto elected to unburden himself of such duties when sojourning in the North. A departmental matter having arisen, however, the King, ever ready for duty, held the Council.

* * *

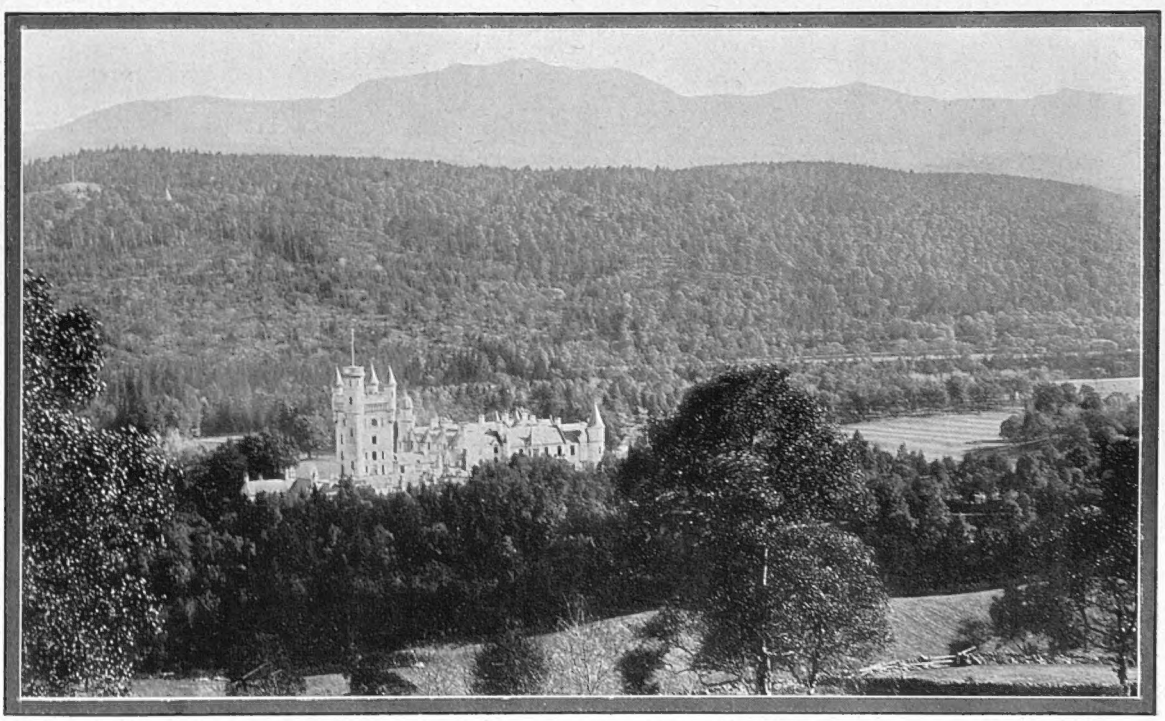
Photo *Lafayette*

The Prince and Princess of Wales's Next Hostess: Lady Shaftesbury

Who, with the Earl of Shaftesbury, will entertain their Royal Highnesses at St. Giles's House, Cranborne, Dorset, on October 12, on their return from Scotland

The King and Lord Rosebery

Lord Rosebery, who has been staying lately at his Midlothian shooting lodge, is to be the guest of King Edward for a few days at Balmoral, if, indeed, he has not already arrived there. His Lordship enjoys the King's friendship, and it is an open secret that when his Majesty first came to the Throne he consulted "Archibald," as he always calls him, on most matters of importance. Lord Rosebery has a sense of humour all his own, which was the delight of the late Queen Victoria. Indeed, the Royal predilection for his Lordship is hereditary, for the late Queen was altogether partial to him, and his tact in dealing with her in her latter days, when her memory was not quite so good as it had been, was perfect. At least, that was what the Queen herself declared it to be.



Photo] **Balmoral, the King's Deeside Home, where His Majesty is now Staying** *[Morgan*

The King motored from Tulchan Lodge, where he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, on September 21, to Balmoral, whence he will probably come South on Monday week. Last Wednesday his Majesty shot two stags and a roebuck in a deer drive in the Balmoral Forest, and on Monday he opened the Queen Victoria Memorial School at Dunblane

"The Boonster": Mr. Carnegie Again

"The North Wind Doth Blow!"

The stout burgesses of Newcastle seized their opportunity on Old Age Pension Day of showing the Government what they think of it. No excuse will avail to explain Mr. Shortt's calamitous cropper, unless it is that he is a lawyer and a carpet-bagman, whereas Mr. Renwick is a local man of business. Otherwise, the Radical apologist, unless he cares to admit the truth, is reduced to pleading one of two things: he must either allege that the whole of the 2,971 votes given to Mr. Hartley were withdrawn from the Liberal, or that, thanks to the yea-and-nay proceedings of Messrs. Asquith and Gladstone in the matter of the Procession, the Irish Catholic vote went to Mr. Renwick *en bloc*. The first explanation will not hold water. The Socialist candidate, who runs independently of a recognised party, attracts the votes of the malcontents; of the men with a grievance; and chiefly of those who wear no party label. Such men always vote "again the Government." Experience in electioneering, extensive and peculiar, and reaching back to 1885, suggests that, had there been no Hartley in the field, the Unionist majority would have been as large, if not even larger, than it was. The second explanation simply gives the Government case away in an admission that it has blundered in the conduct of a crucial crisis, and is, consequently, unworthy of the confidence of the country. These explanations are, however, irrelevant. In a time of acute depression of trade, three candidates have put forward the prescriptions of their respective parties for the improvement of trade conditions, and out of the three the hard-headed men of Tyneside have chosen Tariff Reform. The North wind, from Manchester, Pudsey, and Newcastle, blows chill on the shorn lamb of Liberalism.

* * *

His Best Benefaction

Mr. Carnegie's quarter of a million for heroes and heroines of peace is, perhaps, the best quarter of a million he has ever spent. Though in his Homeric calculations it may, in comparison with one's own un-Homeric arithmetic, correspond to about eighteenpence, yet its moral value is, perhaps, greater than that of the 1,400 libraries on which Mr. Carnegie has expended eight—or is it eighty, or eight hundred?—millions sterling. The Lord of Skibo has endowed universities, institutes, polytechnics, and American professors. I heartily congratulate him on now turning his attention to the heroic classes. For there is no doubt whatever that heroes and heroines are shamefully neglected—except at Drury Lane and the Lyceum. Mr. Carnegie's fund is a worthy successor to King Edward's medal for bravery in the mine. And it will do a good deal towards making the life of heroes worth living.

Photo *Arthur Ullyett*

The Diversions of a National Benefactor

Mr. Andrew Carnegie—whose endowment of a Pension Fund for "heroes of peace" has brought him universal gratitude—playing an easy shot on his billiard table at Skibo. The philanthropist's other diversions include golf, and he has been known, on occasions, to take a passing interest in free libraries and church organs

* * *

Newbury: Notes on its Autumn Meeting

Newbury was lucky in having two fine days for its Autumn Meeting, and the perfect train service from Paddington, the good arrangements in every department, and the presence of the Royal Marines discoursing sweet music, naturally made everyone happy. The racing was exciting, too. "Little Wootton," on Mr. Wyndham's Maya, beat Maher on Yellow Peril, the favourite, by a head, and, later, Wootton again scored on Hallaton by a head from Lister, with Madden up, Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Dawson standing together to watch the race. My fashion correspondent reports the meeting thus: "Lady Carnarvon looked very smart in grey and white striped skirt and little blue cloth jacket, with blue hat and white feathers. Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, in blue serge and hat with bright green feathers, was most becomingly dressed, and Lady Milbank and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild were also well turned out. Mr. Wroughton motored from Woolley Park, his daughters and Captain Cardew, his son-in-law, being with him. Colonel Stanley Humphery, Miss Mabel Humphery, and Miss Eva Humphery motored from West Ilsley House, and Mrs. Mount, wife of the Member, who was wearing a large hat and satin streamers with neat tailor-made dress, were some of those present representing the neighbourhood. A great many motors arrived on the scene, but they are not allowed on the far side of the course since the 'starting' of one frightened a racehorse. They are now 'stacked' outside the members' entrance. Among well-known men present were Lord Westbury, Lord Decies, whose filly, Tarpaulin II., ran third in the Two-Year-Old Selling Race, Lord Essex, Lord Alington, Mr. Weyland, and Colonel Alan MacLean. There were one or two *outré* hats, a black one of huge dimensions covered with green and white feathers being perhaps the most terrible. A large black hat with crimson roses was most becoming to the wearer. Loose coats and short skirts were mostly worn, but the real new autumn fashions were conspicuous by their absence."

"The North Wind Doth Blow!"

A TARIFF REFORM BLAST—FROM NEWCASTLE

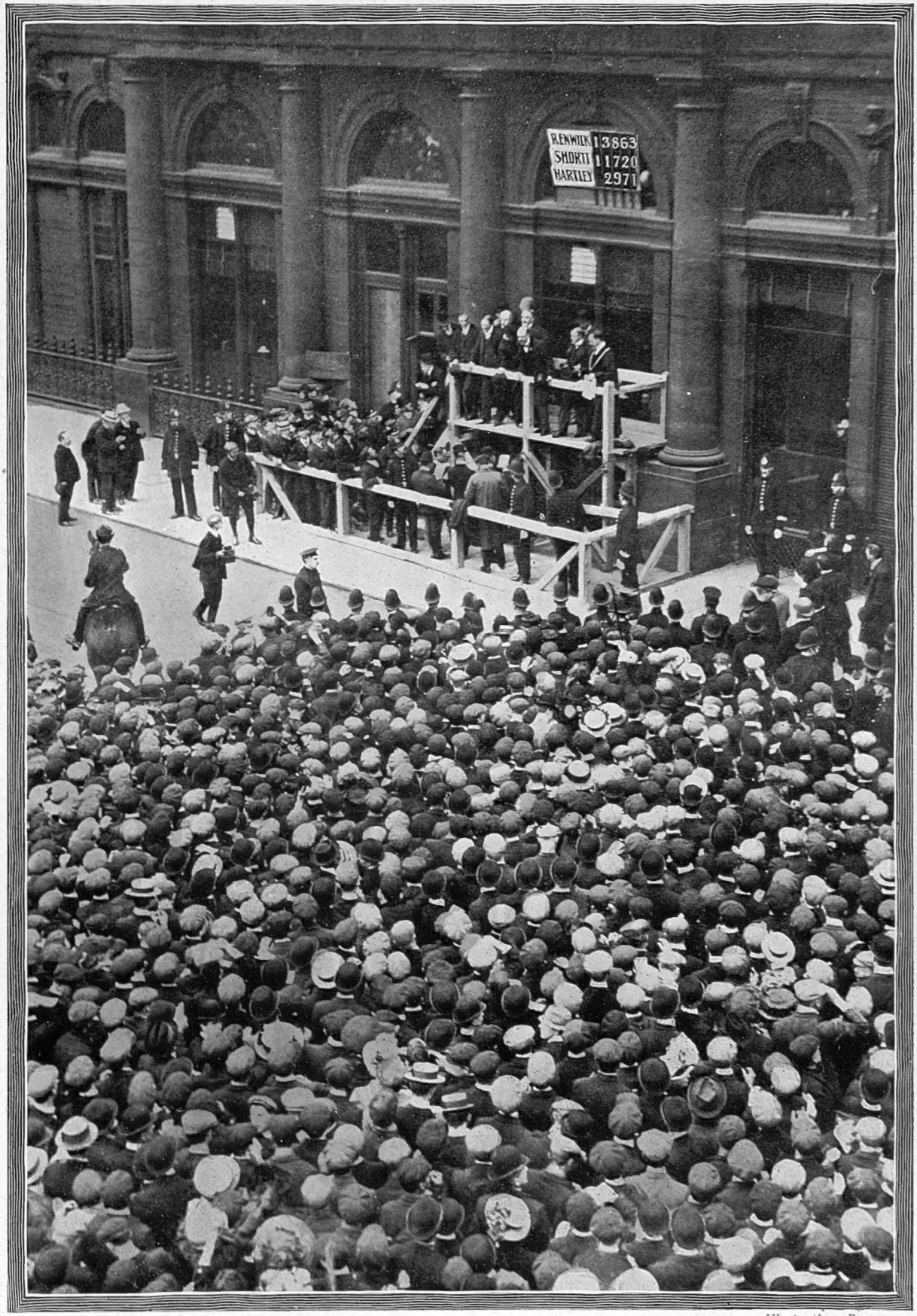


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE SCENE AT THE DECLARATION OF THE POLL ON FRIDAY: MR. RENWICK, M.P., SPEAKING

The Conservative majority of 2,143, in a seat which at the last election gave a Liberal plurality of 6,481, is the most staggering of all the blows received this year by the Government. As Mr. Renwick gave Tariff Reform chief place in his election address, and as the election was accordingly fought on that issue from the outset, there is no possibility of disguising the meaning of the figures

The Sharpest Bend in the "Four-Inch" Race

Malgré Lui

The sensation of the "four-inch" motor race in the Isle of Man was supplied, not by the race itself, but from the outside, by the public announcement of Mr. S. F. Edge of his intention, in future, to withdraw all Napier cars from dangerous racing. It is an amusing case (if Mr. Edge will accept my assurance that I use the phrase without the smallest intention of offence) of "the devil turned precisian." Still more amusing is it from the fact that the race was won by a Hutton car entered by Mr. Edge, and driven by W. Watson. The time, 403 min. 5 sec. for 338 miles gives a very fair "touring" speed. I am not quite sure whether the pleasing absence of serious damage to life and limb is to be set down to the skill of the drivers or the toughness of their skulls. To go full tilt into a wall at fifty miles an hour, and to rise practically unhurt, is a feat which proves the participants in these events to be a hardy race. Or perhaps the cherubic guard which watches over sailors and other reckless persons has lately been increased?

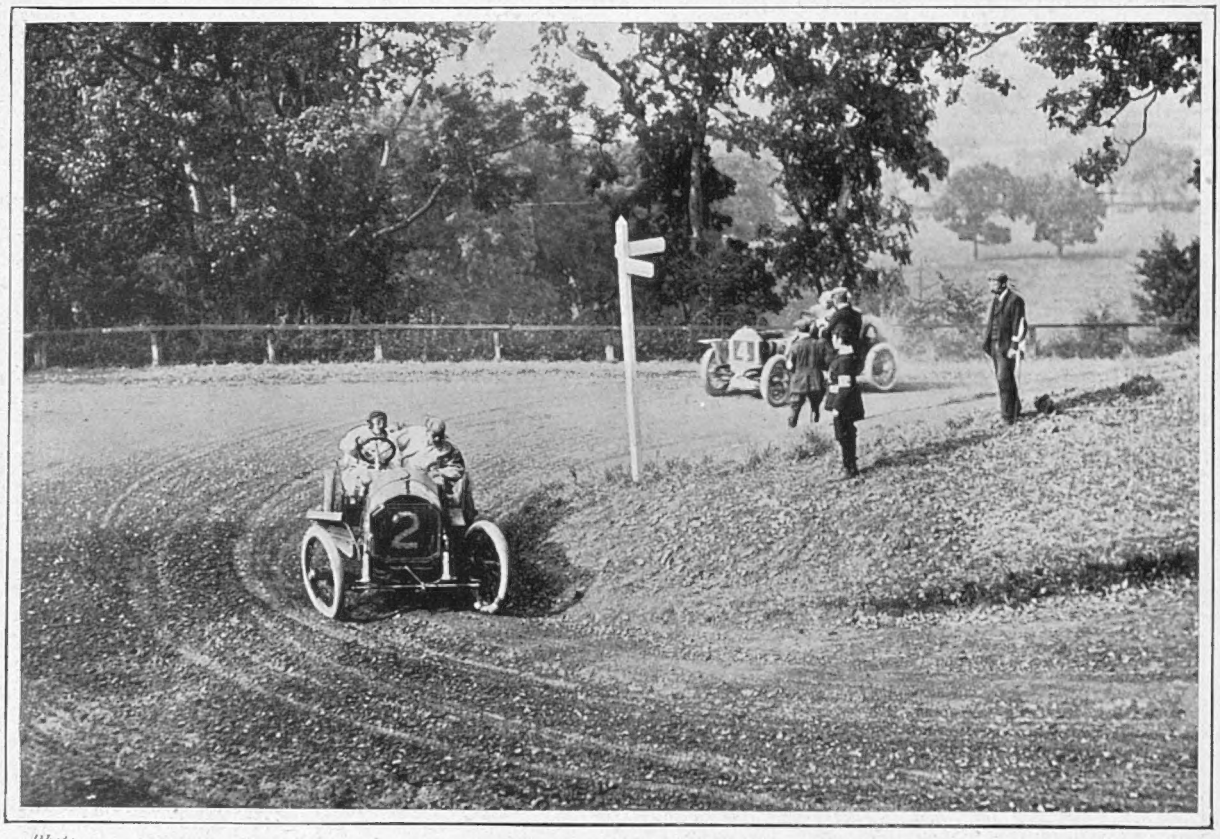


Photo *Topical Agency*

The Winner, W. Watson, Rounding Hairpin Corner, the Sharpest Bend on the Isle of Man Course

Among the innumerable dangerous turns on the course of the Isle of Man Tourist Trophy Race, Hairpin Corner, near Ramsey, is the most dangerous. The course takes an exceedingly sharp turn, after which the road is on an incline. The spot was, however, negotiated in splendid style by W. Watson, who drove Mr. S. F. Edge's winning car

* * *

"Cock For'ard"

The merry pheasant will begin to justify his existence by terminating it to-morrow. Not that there will be much covert-shooting for a month yet. Autumn has fallen early, it is true. But there are few signs yet of the fall of the leaf, and, unless there is heavy rain and some early frosts, the woods will be blind for some weeks yet. Either the seasons were different when men shot their partridges punctually on the first of September and their pheasants on the first of October, or the change in the style of shooting is responsible for the undoubted change of custom. The latter is probably the true explanation, for there is no real evidence of any change in the season. Therefore, in all likelihood, Squire Western did no more than his descendants do to-day, or send their keepers to do: potter round the hedgerows and pick up a brace or two for the kitchen, for to shoot walking through the coverts while the leaf was on would have been a more difficult business than having the birds driven out.

Normal Prospects

The reports of prospects which reach me vary greatly in different parts of the country. Wild birds, no doubt, suffered somewhat severely from the stormy and whirling spring with which we were blessed. But by June, at any rate in the south, the young birds were well established and fairly well grown, so that the season ought to be at least normal, though I fancy the number of birds bred is below the average on account of bad times. The same cause will necessitate the refusal of a good many invitations to shoot. I have come across several men who are "not shooting this year," the licence, and, still more, the keeper's tip, making too great a hole in a diminished banking account.

Won by a Detractor

MR. S. F. EDGE'S HUTTON CAR WINS THE "FOUR-INCH" RACE

Photo *Topical*

The Winner, W. Watson

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Winning Hutton Car Passing the Winning-post, near Hillberry

For a critical account of the Race, see pp. 722 and 724

Photo *Topical*

A. Lee Guinness, who came in Second on a Darracq

Photo *Sport and General*

The Winning Car, with W. Watson at the Wheel, Passing Ballig Bridge in last week's "Four-Inch" Race in the Isle of Man

After Mr. S. F. Edge's letter to the Press directed against motor racing, and his decision to enter no more cars in the future, the success of the Hutton car entered by him for last week's "Four-Inch" Race in the Isle of Man seemed a particularly ironical circumstance. Despite the gloomy forebodings of many, the race was marked by no serious accidents, though there was the usual crop of mishaps. The winning car, driven by W. Watson, covered the course of 338 miles at a rate of over fifty miles an hour, the time being 6 hr. 43 min. 5 sec., the second car, a Darracq, driven by A. Lee Guinness, taking only about 2½ min. more on the journey. The arrangements made by the R.A.C. were admirable throughout, and the race was watched with keen interest by the Club's Chairman, Prince Francis of Teck, and the Governor of the Isle of Man, Lord Raglan

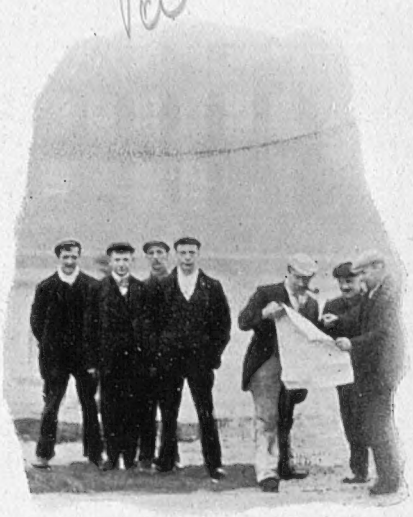
A Woman-Made Labour War

Photos L. N. A.

Locked-out Operatives—

Photo Sport and General

Two Smiling Strikers



—Discussing the Strike

The Lancashire cotton strike, though affecting thousands of workers of both sexes, is practically a "woman-made" war, as it was the hostility to the proposed peace-terms of the card-room workers, mostly women, which precipitated the crisis. The centre photograph is representative of the attitude of the ladies towards their handiwork

The Newest Dancer

The present dancing vogue has its latest exponent in Miss Ruth St. Dennis, who is opening at the Scala Theatre on October 7 with her "Dance of the Five Senses." This is not actually her first appearance in London, as she gave a series of matinées at the Aldwych a year or two ago, but it remains to be seen if Maud Allan and her imitators have educated us to an appreciation of performances entirely devoted to the terpsichorean art.

* * *

"Ce roman anglo-indien"

The extremely painful case of the deaths of Mrs. and General Luard seems destined to form one of that long troop of mysteries which the grave guards with so jealous a shield. But while life remains there is always a touch of the fantastic in such sad affairs. This note is benevolently supplied by the brilliant London correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*. He tells a story, which he thinks will be remembered by old Anglo-Indians, of some far-off love affair of the late General, which ended unsatisfactorily for the Eastern lady involved. This example of the woman more or less scorned is supposed to have sworn a vendetta. To add the note of topical farce to this tale, the native woman and her people are said to have found employment in the Ceylon village—a queer place for Indians, by the way—and there, amidst the bustle of the White City, conspired a vendetta for a many years' old injury. All this reads a little like an inspiration of Miss Victoria Cross; but, really, life is so absurd, and evidence so hard to obtain, that there is no reason why this story should not be true—until another is told.

Photo Topical Agency

The Silent Mill: Looms put into Disuse by the Present Strike

At the moment, hopes of a settlement of the dispute in the very near future are somewhat nebulous, for though the spinners are for peace, the card-room workers are still staunch in their demands

* * *

The Lancashire Lock-out

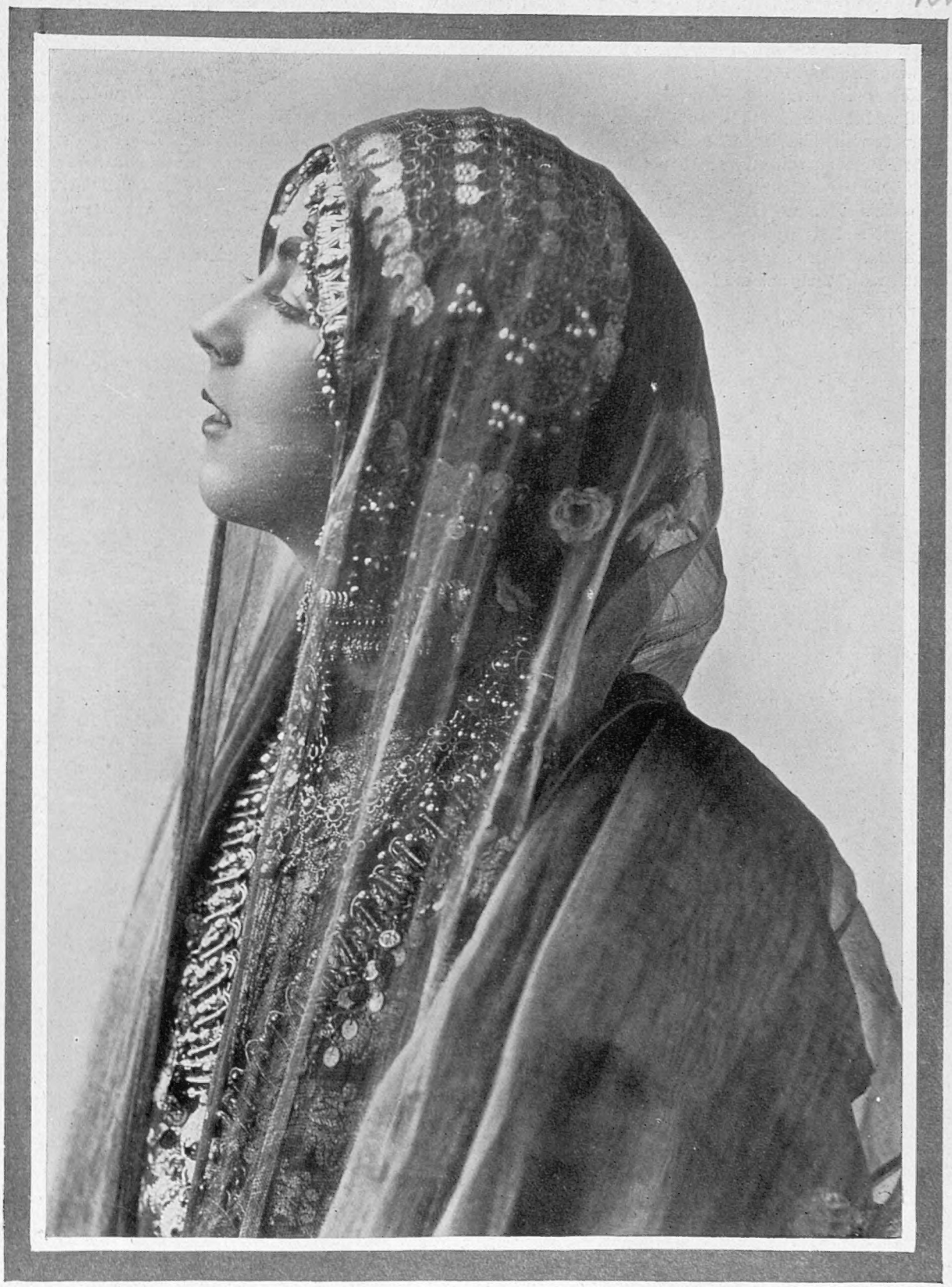
It is war in the cotton trade, despite the much-trumpeted conciliation machinery set up by Mr. Churchill in his honeymoon interlude. The spinners were for peace on the amended conditions of the employers, but the card-room workers will have none of it, and do not even think it worth while to take a second ballot on the question. The majority of them belong to the fair sex.

> "O woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> When labour problems knit the brow,
> You're always ready for a row."
>
> SCOTT (amended).

To the looker-on, the doubt occurs whether the whole business is not something of a "put-up job." The trade as a whole will be none the worse for a short suspension of production, and that can hardly be brought about in a better way than by a dispute which entitles the operatives to come on the funds of their unions for support. But it ought not to be carried too far. The weavers are already suffering from the dearth of yarn, and the number of spindles at work in America is increasing. It may well happen that if the spinning mills of Lancashire are for long idle the weavers may turn to America for supplies, and the cotton trade go the way of so many other British industries which rely for their raw material on partially manufactured foreign goods. The history of the German "billets and blooms" in the steel trade may repeat itself.

"The Dance of the Five Senses"

MISS RUTH ST. DENNIS AS LESSEE OF A LONDON THEATRE



The latest exponent of dancing to appear in our midst is Miss Ruth St. Dennis, who will open the Scala Theatre next month with her Indian dances and a series entitled "The Dance of the Five Senses" as the sole items of the programme. This is not actually her first appearance in Town, for she gave a series of "snake-charming" dance matinées at the Aldwych a year or two ago. Miss St. Dennis has since created a sensation in Berlin, at Monte Carlo, and in America, and has, it is said, refused an offer of £300 a week to appear at a London music-hall. In her dances she appears stained the colour of an Indian, and has six natives with her as "setting." She is not unlikely to prove a huge draw now that the dancing cult is so fashionable

The Versatile Lord Rosslyn

"Faites vos jeux, Messieurs!"

Lord Rosslyn and Sir Hiram Maxim, determined to solve the question of to-win-or-not-to-win at roulette, are to be congratulated on the *esprit* with which they have undertaken a tug-of-war at a roulette system to prove their respective and diametrically opposed notions in a flat in Piccadilly. All good *habitués* of Monte Carlo, however, know full well that such a thing as a system for certain gain is quite impossible. Lord Rosslyn, some time ago, was the cynosure of all eyes at the tables of Charlie's Mount. He arrived with capital and determination to conquer roulette. Alas! the capital gave out, and the determination alone remained.

* * *

Zero and Maximum

When seated at roulette, Lord Rosslyn, handsome and debonair, had quite a circle of people watching him. Fair women admired him, and unfair men smiled superciliously at the confidence this systematic player evinced in his calculations. Old gamblers assert that such calculations, whether based on martingale or other progressions, are a certain ultimate gain for the bank. It is a question of flesh and blood on one side, and a machine on the other—with the addition that when the highest progression is reached the bank bars further progress by a merciless maximum, whilst zero periodically steps in to sweep up half of everything on single chances.

Photo Illustrations Bureau

Confident! Lord Rosslyn Going to "Break the Bank" — in Piccadilly, in the Roulette tournament with Sir Hiram Maxim

Lord Rosslyn in Many Parts

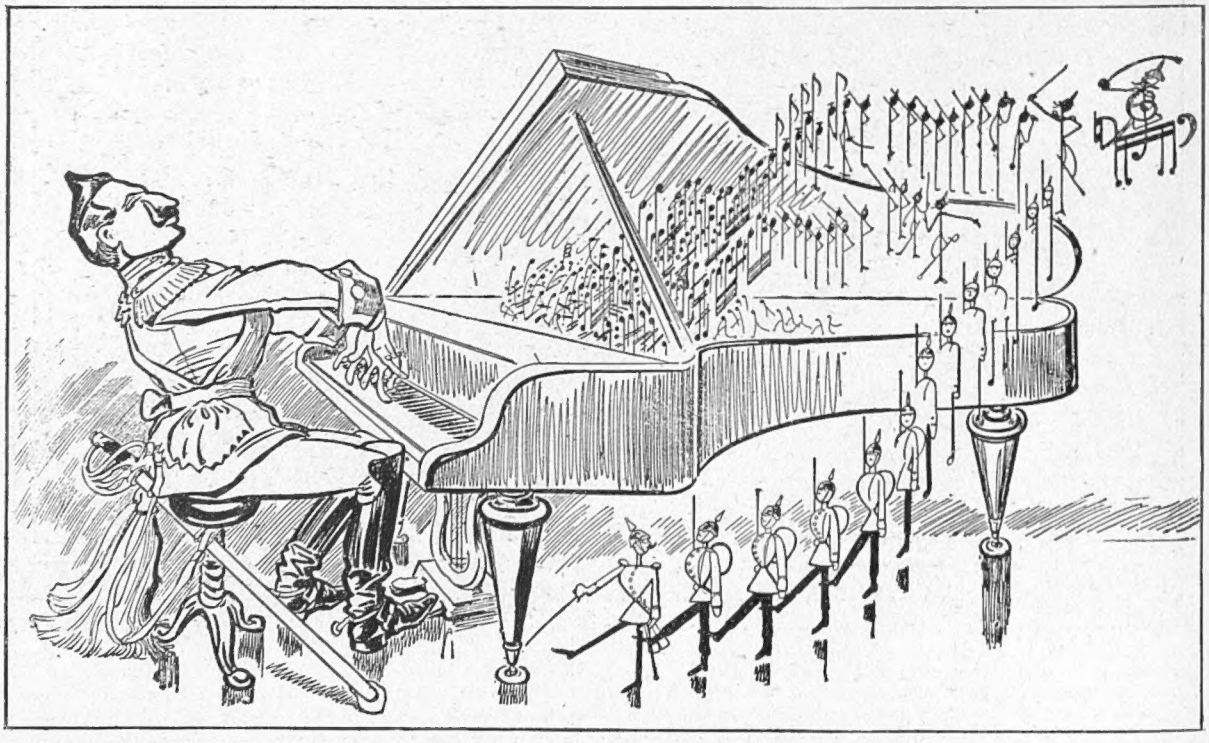
The pertinacious peer has tried his talent on the stage, and acted (under the name of James Erskine) with Mrs. Langtry and others. He has twice been married, having espoused consecutively two pretty women. The first was Miss Vyner (of the well-known Vyner family), and the second Miss Anna Robinson, an American actress with great riches settled on her; from both he is divorced. Lord Rosslyn, who wrote a book on the Boer War, entitled "Twice Captured" (he having been taken prisoner), has been political secretary, editor of a Scottish newspaper, and war correspondent for the *Daily Mail*. Now, he has once more been throwing his dice, and the world duly apprised of his daily doings.

* * *

A Lord-Lieutenant's Disappointments

The host proposes, but the grouse disposes; that is what the Mackintosh of Mackintosh learnt when the Prince of Wales was to become his honoured guest—but alas! did not this year. At Moy Hall, grouse-driving is usually very good, but this year was an exception, and it was merely "no shooting." The Mackintosh, who is Lord-Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, is the best of hosts, and his splendid seat in Strathdearn is the pride of the country round Inverness—that beautiful neighbourhood where, in the summer time, the darkness of night is unknown. He owns the fine estate of Lochaber, but the chiefs of Mackintosh have for six hundred years made Strathdearn

A BRILLIANT FRENCH KAISER CARTOON



THE GERMAN HYMN OF PEACE—A COMPOSITION WHICH ALWAYS ENDS IN THE CREATION OF A NEW ARMY CORPS

BY CARAN D'ACHE IN "LES ANNALES"

Would they Repeat it for Ours?

NEW ZEALAND'S WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN SAILORS

Photo THE "RECORD" CROWD IN MOTTOED QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND [*Topical Agency*

The visit of the United States' fleet to Auckland, New Zealand, last August, was the first stage of the carnival of Anglo-American fraternisation which culminated at Sydney and Melbourne. Auckland had its biggest crowds—in fact the greatest gathering ever known in any New Zealand city—and Queen Street was decorated strictly in accordance with London traditions, with flags and mottoes. Is it not about time by the way, that our own Navy "showed the flag" in Australasian waters? In this connection, the home assistance in the creation of an Australian navy, announced last week, is a welcome change from the Government's former indifference to Antipodean needs

The King and his Racing Stable: A Change?

the headquarters of the Clan. Some of the attractions of Moy Hall are the lofty square tower and a very beautiful lake.

* * *

The King and his Racing Plans

It can be taken as incontrovertible that the fondness of the King for racing and the active support which he gives to the Turf form, perhaps, the greatest asset which the so-called "Sport of Kings" possesses. Any change which his Majesty might contemplate in the affairs of his racing stable would be of widespread interest. Thus the news that Lord Marcus Beresford may shortly relinquish the position of racing manager to his Majesty, and that the Royal horses might even be taken away from their present palatial quarters at Egerton House, Newmarket, could not fail to fall as a bombshell among racing people. If we are to believe the whispers and rumours one has heard since Doncaster, then the bombshell must be within measurable distance of falling. Ever since the defeat of Princesse de Galles in the Champagne Stakes, following her fearfully unlucky downfall at Goodwood, there have been rumours of differences of opinion in connection with the Royal stable, with the result that changes may be made.

Photo *Phillips*

Lord Marcus Beresford (on the right) Snapshotted at Kempton

Racing manager to his Majesty, whose ill-luck this year is said to be the cause of impending changes in the staff and *local* of the Royal stables. Previous to the introduction of the starting-gate his services were in great request as a starter, which office he fulfilled with such success as to be known as the "Prince of Starters"

His Majesty's Manager and Trainer

In appointing Lord Marcus Beresford to the management of his thoroughbred stud and the supervision of his horses in training, his Majesty selected a sportsman who knows the "racing game" from end to end. Long before the starting-gate was ever seriously thought of by the Jockey Club, Lord Marcus Beresford was in great request as a starter of races. So successful was he in this difficult work that he was more than once alluded to as the "Prince of Starters" by the gushing racing writers of the day. Lord Marcus was associated with the King's stable during the triumphant careers of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. Those were glorious days for the Royal colours. But of late nothing save ill-luck seems to have attended them. Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, is known as one of the best and most conscientious men in his profession. He had good cause for rejoicing when the King, years ago, sent his horses to him, as his Majesty has proved one of the most generous and considerate patrons possible for a trainer to wish for. Soon after Egerton House had been built a letter came from the King suggesting that he and the other patrons of the stable should pay to Marsh a

THE MACKINTOSH MR. FRANCIS DARWIN

Photos *Sport and General*

At the Northern Meeting, Inverness

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, with whom and Mrs. Mackintosh the King had tea at Moy Hall, was, as usual, a conspicuous figure at the Northern Meeting, the Highland games of which take place in the Park Grounds at Inverness

handsome sum annually as a sort of retaining fee, in addition to the ordinary charges made by the trainer, and this has always been done.

* * *

The Naval Feud Again

Mention of the name of Beresford reminds me that the naval feud is not by any means wholly at an end. True, Sir Percy Scott is now cruising in the distant waters of South Africa. This was, presumably, the outcome of that Admiral's refusal to execute a manœuvre ordered by his superior. Well, to order an impracticable manœuvre and invoke disobedience is a game at which two can play. Admiral Fisher is himself able, and in a position, to impose impracticable tasks on *his* subordinates, and has, it is said, effectually availed himself of his powers that way. Lord Charles Beresford, however, will now soon attain the age limit of service—he is sixty-two—and that he will elect to continue to squander on the seas talent which might be better employed for the benefit of the Service on land is not exceedingly probable. Mr. Asquith is, of course, determined to end, at all costs, the feud, and is wholly behind his friend Sir John Fisher in whatever drastic steps he may decide to take to that end.

THE PLAYHOUSES

DRURY LANE THEATRE

"The Marriages of Mayfair"

The well-known *genre* of autumn play at this theatre has received a successful addition. *The Marriages of Mayfair*, although curiously named and strangely written, contains within its vast bulk all the old and favourite things. Heroes are tried and found victorious; heroines are gifted with second sight, and, after toil and worry, are duly married in the sunlight; funny people try to be amusing, and the wicked are very naughty indeed. There is nothing true in it, but that does not matter. The only way in which the play resembles life is that it is filled with confusion, disappointment, and tedium. The most applauded moment in *The Marriages of Mayfair* is that which takes place in the snow-clad pass, when the villain of the piece is precipitated, 'mid snow and ice, into an abyss. This is typical of the work of Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Hamilton. It is the ingeniously arranged scenic effects, the quick changes of heavy "sets," and the perfection of mechanical devices that make for their success. The straggling, vague plot, the inhumanly stupid characters, the banal dialogue, the antique jokes, pass unnoticed in the crash of machinery or the realistic production of externals. This semblance of a play is all the autumn Drury Lane public appear to desire; but what a glorious chance is missed, what splendid resources, what skill and enthusiasm are wasted in producing one more foolish *mélange* of well-worn theatrical devices, when a real and epoch-making play might, surely, have been found. Such a success as *The Marriages of Mayfair* would have delighted Sir Augustus Harris twenty years ago. Are we not entitled to think that Drury Lane might have made some advance during nearly a quarter of a century?

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Marie Löhr as the "Rare, Pale" Margaret in "Faust"

Our hopes regarding Miss Lohr's success as Margaret in Mr. Tree's production of *Faust* at His Majesty's have been more than justified, and in her we have the ideal heroine of this great world drama. The above photographs show Miss Lohr in the pathetic prison scene before her death

A Real Character!

Among the marionnettes which the authors keep briskly jigging up and down the stage, from Rumpelmayer's to the Tower, from Deerminster to the Alps, there is at least one strikingly realistic character. This is the Jim Callender of Mr. Lyn Harding. Although he is actuated by almost inhumanly intense passions of hatred and revenge, and is aided by the playwrights in a dozen queer accidents and discoveries, he appeared as real flesh and blood,

Sword Play at the Lyric

and " made " those scenes in which he was on the stage. His success might help the authors and the well-advertised management of Drury Lane to see that an attempt to present human beings and human interest on the stage need not be a complete failure. Popularity, and even financial success, may lie that way.

Next to Callender, the Duke of Exmoor was very successfully humanised by that excellent actor, Mr. Charles V. France—but, unfortunately, his part was not of great importance. How Dudley Gore (Mr. Vincent Clive), a smart young gentleman in a dinner-jacket of at least five years ago, under the influence of Callender, forges a bill and steals a crown jewel from the Tower, of which his father is Governor; how Nigel Villiers (Mr. Basil Gill) loves Gore's sister Dorothy (Miss Eva Moore), and is proved illegitimate and is drugged and nearly murdered, and saved by Dorothy and proved legitimate; how Lord Adolphus Villiers (Mr. Albert Chevalier) is inveigled into marriage with his housekeeper's daughter, Bess Bissett, a music-hall star (Miss Marie George), and how he eventually helps his nephew Nigel, and Bess shows a good heart—are not these things among the many everybody will go to Drury Lane to learn? Society scandals and the theft of Royal Scottish jewels, music-hall comedians, and doubtful sporting characters are among the topical notes which are sounded throughout the play. And it is these affairs and the admirable scenery which appear to matter. That Mr. Chevalier looks absurd and cannot interest us, that Miss Eva Moore has no chance to be anything but utterly conventional, and that the other members of the excellent cast pass almost unnoticed, through no fault of theirs, is of no moment to the audience. The management appear to rely on giving so much for the money that only delighted confusion can be felt, and the waste of talent and effort seem a natural part of the whole.

The Kendals in London

I know of people, holding the theatre as a whole as anathema, who, if they will not attend themselves, will at least condone with those who go to see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal; and certainly this honoured couple are at the head of what may be called the simple, domestic school of the histrionic art. They attempt no great heights, but they have filled for more years than one likes to recall, and are still filling, the highest position in this respectable and somewhat neglected sphere, as was exemplified last week in their appearance in *The Whirlpool*, performed for the first time in London at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway. The piece is a frankly artificial, trans-Atlantic piece of work by Herbert Swears, but it has its human, humorous, and pathetic touches which endear it at once to a provincial, if not to a West-End, audience. It is the story of the love of an old bachelor, Elijah Tillottson (Mr. Kendal), for a kindly spinster, "who never looked more than forty-five in the dusk with the light behind her," Constance Richmond

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

"The Duke's Motto" at the Lyric: The Fight with which Act I. closes

LAGARDERE (*Mr. Lewis Waller*): "You shall all suffer; after the lackeys, the master"

Stirring melodrama which warms the hearts of ardent Wallerites is Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's version of *The Duke's Motto*, and Mr. Lewis Waller's frequent declaration "I am here! evokes the greatest enthusiasm on the part of his admirers

Our Annual Drury-Drama of Society's Sins

BY NORMAN MORROW

Players in the Play of the Hour

Photos

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree

As the Comtesse de la Briere in Mr. Barrie's new play at the Duke of York's

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier

As John Shand, the Glasgow porter who becomes M.P.

Ellis and Walery

Miss Lillah McCarthy

As Lady Sybil, John Shand's fascinator

(Mrs. Kendal), of a rich New England family. The plot is one of corners in coffee, a scoundrelly brother appropriating other people's money, a supplicating sister whose prayer for financial assistance the elderly suitor hears and grants, though it means his own ruin, and, finally, the spinster's proposal to the bachelor, as the latter is too proud any longer to make advances now that he is penniless. As the elderly lovers, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were just themselves, and completely won the affections of the audience. The acting all through really reached a very high standard, but particularly noteworthy was that of Mr. Metcalf Wood as Chaffin, the old clerk, which was, in its way, a little masterpiece of character-study, which should be the prelude to his appearance on a West-End stage.

The Carl Rosa Company on Tour

That the Carl Rosa Opera Company is still in the heyday of its existence, though this is its thirty-eighth consecutive season, was proved by a recent visit to the Grand Theatre, Croydon, where they were to be found last week in the course of their peregrinations, before moving on to Leicester, where they now are. Their performances leave little to be desired; I have enjoyed many renderings at Covent Garden far less. In *Tannhauser*, as has for long been the case, the Company was particularly successful. Miss Beatrice Miranda made an accomplished and charming—and for once a youthful and slim—Elizabeth, and the entire success of Mr. Hanns Robert's Tannhäuser was only militated against by his foreign accent. Soloists, orchestra, and chorus were excellent, and the whole standard of the performance was a very high one.

The Palace Theatre

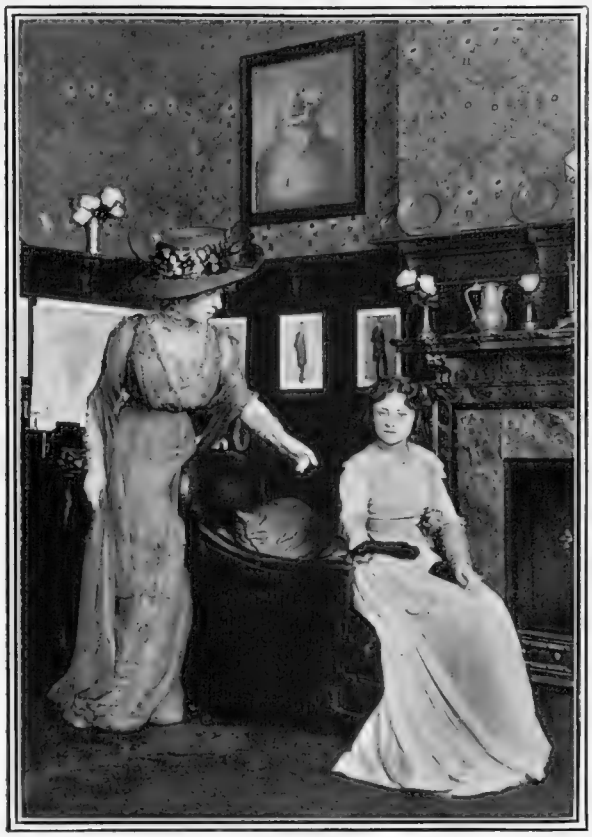
There are supposed to be no fashionable people in Town this September, and yet somehow the Palace Theatre is thronged nightly with uncommonly smart ladies and well-groomed men. Many meetings of people who believed each other to be in the North, or at a foreign "bad," take place there—not always to the delight of these worldlings. The programme remains excellent, but it is, I fancy, the extraordinary popularity of Miss Maud Allan which draws so many Society people from the ends of the earth. This curious and alluring dancer still gives her wonderful "Spring Song" and the Salome, which has now become a classic. On a recent night her playing of the part of the daughter of Herodias seemed more than usually inspired. Her impassioned action and her mystic movement uttered, as clearly as the words of the poet, "Ah, I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? . . . . Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. . . . They say that love hath a bitter taste. . . . But what matter? what matter? I have kissed thy mouth. . . ." From the beauty and tragedy of Salome to the lightness and mirth at the Palace is an easy transition.

Mr. Malcolm Scott, who can give a wonderful burlesque of Miss Allan when time and place serve, is very amusing in his patter, and a charming French lady, Lucette di Verly, sings "Bon Jour, Monsieur Cupidon" and other songs with exquisite point. Miss Marsden imitates well-known stage people, and Mr. Bert Levy draws some highly original caricatures after a new manner—and whistles as he works.

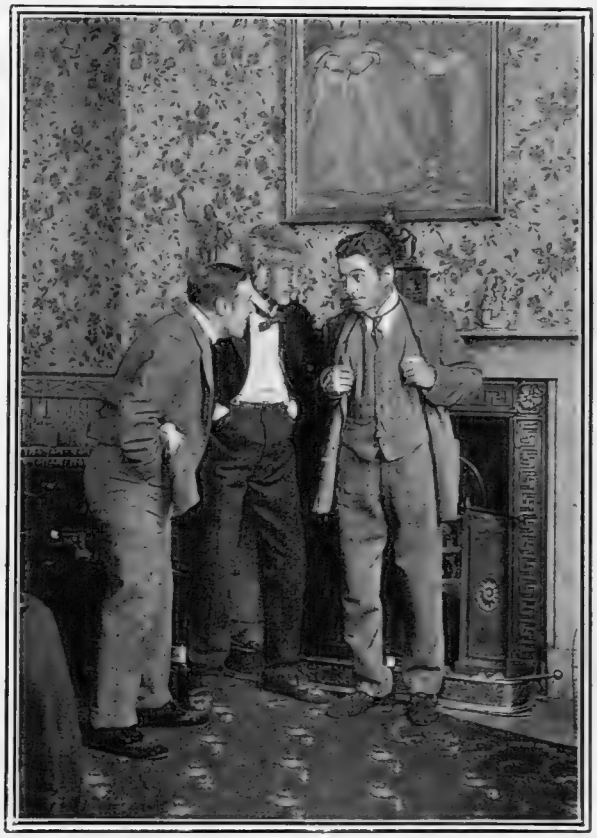
SCENES IN

"What Every Woman Knows"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

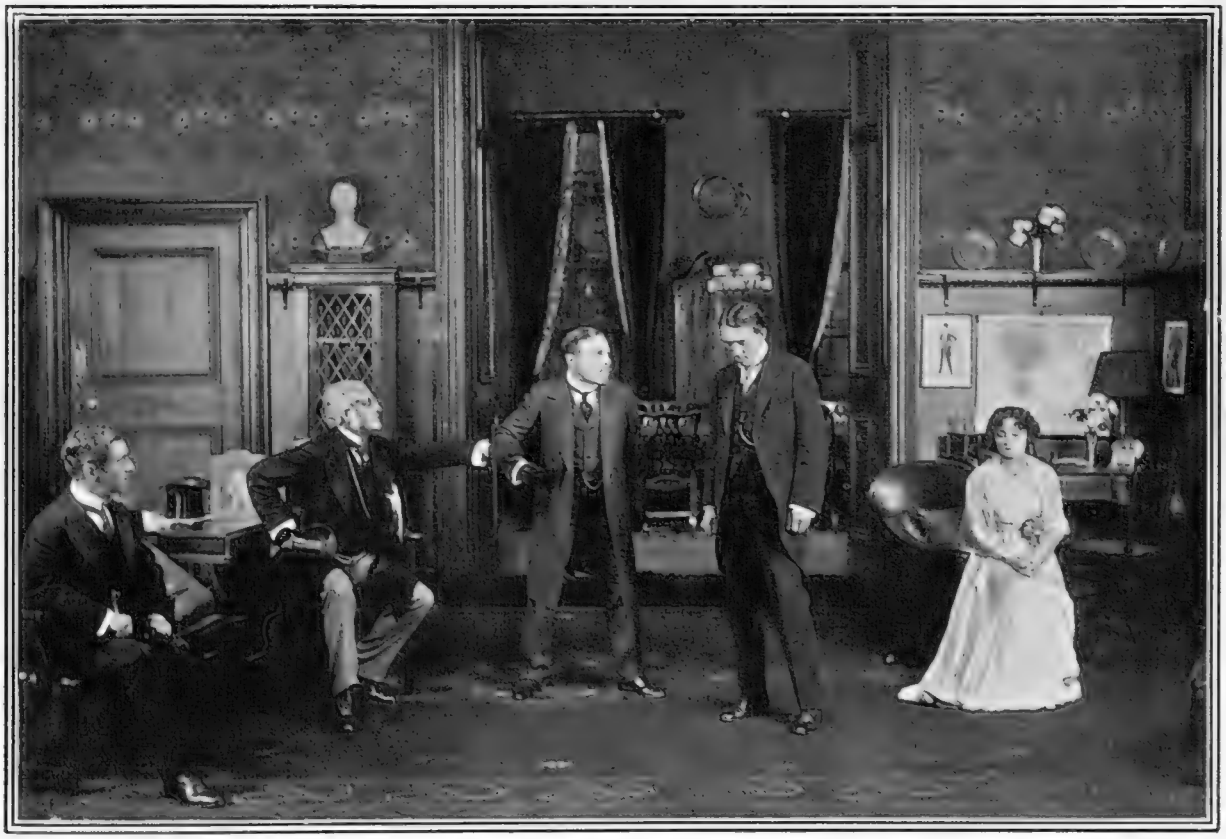


Comtesse de la Briere (*Mrs. Tree*) **Gives a Little Advice to Maggie** (*Miss Hilda Trevelyan*)



A Wylie Family Conclave

Left to right: James Wylie (*Mr. Edmund Gwenn*), Alick Wylie (*Mr. Henry Vibart*), and David Wylie (*Mr. Sydney Valentine*)



Left to right: David Wylie (*Mr. Sydney Valentine*), Alick Wylie (*Mr. Henry Vibart*), James Wylie (*Mr. Edmund Gwenn*), John Shand (*Mr. Gerald Du Maurier*), and Maggie (*Miss Hilda Trevelyan*)

Photos *Ellis and Walery*

His Last Word in Opprobrious Epithets: James Wylie, the Scotch Quarry Owner, calls Shand an "Englishman"

Without being quite certain as to what it is that "Every Woman Knows," the man in the street knows when he gets a play that interests him; therefore he is hurrying with his wife—his children wait till the *Peter Pan* season—to the Duke of York's Theatre to see Mr. Barrie's latest play. At once a satire and a panegyric of the Scottish national characteristics, treated with the inimitable Barrie touch, the story is one of the rise of Shand from a Scottish porter to a successful politician, whose speeches are famous for Shandisms—prepared by his wife, a member of a stone-quarry owning family, the Wylies, who practically force Shand into marrying her

Random Jottings

"Smile!" is emblazoned on the button presented (in return for a dollar) to every member of the Optimists' Club of America, and it is said to have a magical effect on its wearer. Could not the Prime Minister—in view of Newcastle and in the interests of caricaturists—be induced to try one?

* * *

It is stated that President Roosevelt wears one, and if that is the case, perhaps a second button, with the words "In Moderation" inscribed upon it, would add an artistic effect to the club costume.

* * *

A difficult problem awaits Abdul-Aziz, the ex-Sultan of Morocco, who—according to the *Daily Telegraph*—"contemplates the sale of his harem, retaining only a sufficient number of wives to maintain his rank as a Sovereign." We should decidedly recommend Abdul to call in a Senior Wrangler to do the sum.

* * *

The quarrel between the Kaiser and the heir of Lippe-Detmold is said to have originated in 1905, when the new Regent succeeded against the Kaiser's wishes, and at once had coins struck bearing the inscription "Through Battle to Victory." The Kaiser has now, apparently, replied, "None of your Lippe!"

* * *

"We don't mind your opposition," said Mrs. Pankhurst, at Newcastle last week, "but we object to your refraining from voting." After that statement, men will grant the suffrage at their own risk. Once give women votes, and the non-voter's happy ease will be gone. Probably he will be dragged to the poll by a chain and padlock. And they won't mind his opposition.

* * *

Mr. Victor Grayson has promised to be "thrown out of the House" during the autumn session, if something is not at once done for unemployment. Those desirous of being present should apply for tickets to the M.P. for their constituency.

* * *

Signor Scarfoglio's drive from Dover to London, on his return from his round the world trip, was comparatively uneventful. We presume that the local authorities had drained the dizzy swamps in this part of the cataclysmic course, and that the unparalleled salamanders were roosting at the time.

* * *

If, as is suggested by Mr. Orville Wright's accident, aeroplanes cannot "stop" in mid-air without falling, it is quite clear that the talk of their soon being able to take the place of trains and omnibuses is premature and fanciful.

* * *

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back"
(A play of the moment imaginatively illustrated)
By Alex. Taylor

The Marriages of Mayfair

(By a lady who has been to Drury Lane, and has also read in one of the daily papers that "The story is a very human one.")

Never again with pleasure shall I note
How—in the columns of the *Morning Post*—
"A marriage is arranged and will take place"
Betwixt two members of the Upper Ten.
Never again, for now, alas! I know
The thing, which seemed so nice, is really horrid.
Look at the robbery of the Tower Jewels—
If that goes on each time a high-class couple
Gets married, very soon our poor dear King
Won't have a single tie-pin left for Levées.
Look at the way that fathers have to shoot
Their own burglarious and disgraceful offspring!
Think of the forgeries done, and all the trouble
It means for Scotland Yard and Heads of Banks.
Look at the way Dukes dance with Ballet girls—
And much I fear garrotting's not the worst—
And how ev'n quite heroic young men drink
Drugged alcohol—if they took lemonade
'Twould not be drugged! Think of the awful numbers
Of villains that must fall from the High Alps!
I wonder that the Swiss do not protest.
Certainly, I myself shall not repeat
My visit to Lucerne until I hear
That all their corpses have been cleared away;
And, as I say, shall read with little pleasure
Henceforth of any marriage in Mayfair.

Feminine Intuition Again

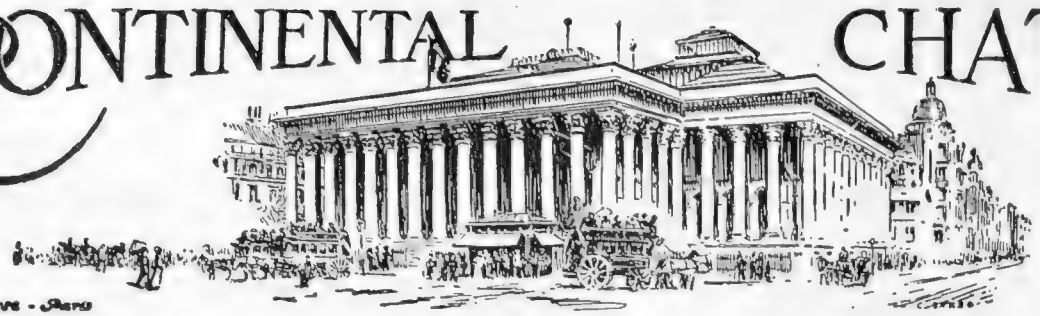
SCENE: DUBLIN, DURING THE RECENT VISIT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Pushington: "Oh! I'm so sorry to have missed your wonderful lecture this afternoon, Professor. Everybody is talking of it! They tell me it was so clever!"

(The Professor, whose lecture has been postponed until the following day, says nothing, but only ponders)

BY A. K. MACDONALD

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Queen's Holiday

When in Denmark, Queen Alexandra abandons Court etiquette, and leads the ordinary country-house life. The Danish Royal children, the whole year round, devote their mornings to physical exercise—Swedish drill, walking, running, and horse-riding. Queen Alexandra takes a keen interest in these exercises, and on her return to England insists that some of them, at least, shall be practised by her grandchildren. King Frederick walks out escorted only by a Danish hound. In the afternoons he drives his own dog-cart. Every summer Queen Alexandra visits her own friends —the friends of her childhood. She is President of many poetic societies and a Society for the Propagation of the Danish Language.

* * *

Copenhagen's Royal Palaces

Formerly, Copenhagen possessed a most imposing Royal habitation; it was built by King Christian VI., and imitated the splendours of the Louvre and Versailles. It was destroyed by fire in 1794. The Royal family then bought four modest palaces, which together bear the name Amalienborg. Christiansborg was a second time reconstructed, and a second time burnt to the ground in 1884. One of the four palaces of Amalienborg is occupied in winter by the King and Queen; another by the Crown Prince and his family; a third, where the late King Christian IX. lived, and where everything remains just as the King left it, is occupied by the Dowager Empress of Russia each time she comes for a long rest-cure to Copenhagen, andthis is often; and a fourth palace, Christian VII. Palace, is reserved for the King's guests and gala receptions. Amalienborg is situated in what might well be called the Faubourg St. Germain of Copenhagen. Here, too, is situated the Yellow Palace, where Prince and Princess Valdemar live. The King of Greece has also a palace there, and all the Ministers and foreign Legations are in the neighbourhood.

* * *

King Alfonso's Visit to Austria

King Francis Joseph is at present courting his Hungarian subjects, and it is at Buda-Pesth, and not at Vienna, that he will first welcome the King and

Photo *Frederick Moore*

The Turkish Army Actually Popular: Recruits Eager to Enlist in the Service of Abdul the—Venerable

Many of the rebellious Turkish regiments having been disbanded, after years of service, there has been a call in most large towns of the now reformed Empire for recruits, of which there is no lack. The new men probably think their pay will be a fact and not a fiction under the new *régime*. Our photograph shows a batch of recruits outside the office of the Commanding General in Salonica

The Austrian Emperor Takes the Field

Queen of Spain. This is highly pleasing to the Hungarians, who dearly love pageants and ceremonies of all kinds. One reason is that functions of this kind provide occasions for the Hungarian nobles to don their national coats and cloaks, which are extremely handsome, and alone suffice to give brightness and brilliancy to the scene. A Court ball is to be given on the 6th of next month in honour of their Spanish Majesties, which I have no hesitation in predicting will be a more picturesque function than any which can be given outside the Magyar dominions. Wherever he goes King Alfonso excites sympathy and goodwill.

* * *

Antique Manners

Here, in Austria, the time has not yet come to get excited about him, but in Hungary, in spite of a somewhat "standoffish" attitude towards foreigners generally, the feeling with regard to him is one of open-hearted pleasure at his visit. His Majesty being half Austrian by birth satisfies in a way the *amour propre* of the Emperor's subjects, who have been so sadly disappointed by other scions of the national dynasty. One of the things that strikes a visitor most when travelling in Francis Joseph's dominions is the preservation of archaic manners and the respect everywhere entertained for them. This does not apply to any one part in particular. For instance, in Bohemia, where a spirit of fierce independence prevails, which is as much developed as in Hungary, the reverent, almost abject, attitude of the peasants towards their Squire is picturesquely universal. At his slightest recognition, man, woman, or child will rush forward and bend down to kiss his hand. The children by the wayside as he passes mutter a formal blessing, to which he replies with a formal acceptance of it.

The Late Señor Sarasate

Whose death at the Villa Navarra, Biarritz (where this photograph shows him), on September 21, is the greatest loss to the musical world since the death of Joachim. He appeared first in London forty-seven years ago, and among his English friends were the Duke of Edinburgh and Sir Arthur Sullivan

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Aged, but Active, Emperor of Austria-Hungary

With the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and a general officer, studying the plan of campaign of the Austrian manœuvres

* * *

Francis Joseph and the Motor-Car

The Emperor, in his old age, has had no particular liking for "modern developments," and among the new things he disliked was the motor-car. Nothing could induce him even to try the sensation of riding in one of them at any pace. However, during his "cure" good King Edward quite unintentionally forced his brother Sovereign, who would rather have violated the protocol than enter a motor-car, to "do a mile" in his. And, lo! his Imperial Majesty liked it! And so well that he did another mile, and then another. And now he is buying a car for himself, and is so impatient to get it that the newspapers record the progress of the negotiations. A special car has been made, and meanwhile he uses Archduke Francis Ferdinand's car, and has already begun trying speeds. In order to have the finest possible car, he took the advice of the President of the Automobile Club, Prince Solms, who, to avoid any jealousy, appointed an advisory committee on the subject. A beautiful olive-green and gold car, which is costing £2,300, is now on its way to Buda-Pesth for the Emperor's immediate use. His Imperial Majesty has allowed himself to be elected an hon. member of the Automobile Club. And so King Edward is not only influencing the politics of Europe, but, if the Emperor breaks his neck, some Berlin paper may discover a diabolical purpose in the seduction of the Emperor from time-honoured prejudices!

* * *

What the Bohemians Want

It has struck me during my visits to Czech friends how easily the Royal family might conciliate these independent, but loyal and clinging patriots by giving them the attention

Queen Amelia's Reappearance

they really deserve, but which has been most unjustifiably withheld from them. What the Bohemians want is a monarch like King Alfonso, who would fill the old Hofburg at Prague with gaiety and festivity, show himself constantly among his subjects, and receive the adulation they are all longing to shower on a monarch, for there is nothing democratic and Republican about them; they love their lords and adore their King.

* * *

Europe's Handsomest Ballroom

It would be difficult to find anything more brilliant in the way of palatial splendour than the "Spanish Hall" of the Hofburg when lighted with its 2,000 candles. It is one of the handsomest ballrooms in Europe. The Emperor, from time to time, has passed a few days at the Hofburg, and only once his visit extended to a fortnight. For such a long stay he had to bring his suite, consisting of 380 persons, and the furniture to accommodate them. When one roams through the empty galleries and reception rooms of this grand old palace, one feels indeed sad at the sight of such unused facilities for "brightening up" the life of the city.

* * *

The Duchess d'Aosta

I hear from Rome that the Duchess d'Aosta's condition is very serious indeed. Three years ago, at Turin, she had a bad attack of pneumonia, which nearly killed her, and so weak was she that it was considered more prudent to transfer the Royal residence to Capo-di-Monte at Naples, where the climate is more temperate. At Naples, the Duchess might have regained her health, had not the Socialists, in their violent attacks on the Duke, published all kinds of ill-chosen and scandalous reports about his private life. These reports were published chiefly in the two papers the Duchess never fails to read, and each report was like a drop of poison to her.

* * *

Popular in Italy

She followed her doctor's advice and went for some time to Egypt, where her health certainly improved, but since her return to Capo-di-Monte, she has had a relapse. This latest report has created quite a sensation in Naples, Turin, and Rome, for the Duchess Helena is very popular in the land, having been considered for a long time a future Queen of Italy. The King and Queen of Italy have the greatest sympathy and affection for the Duchess, who possesses all the kindness, tact, and dignity which are among the Orleans characteristics.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Prince Buelow's Smile of Peace

The German Chancellor anticipates the effect of his important speech at the Inter-Parliamentary Congress in Berlin, which has pleased England so much

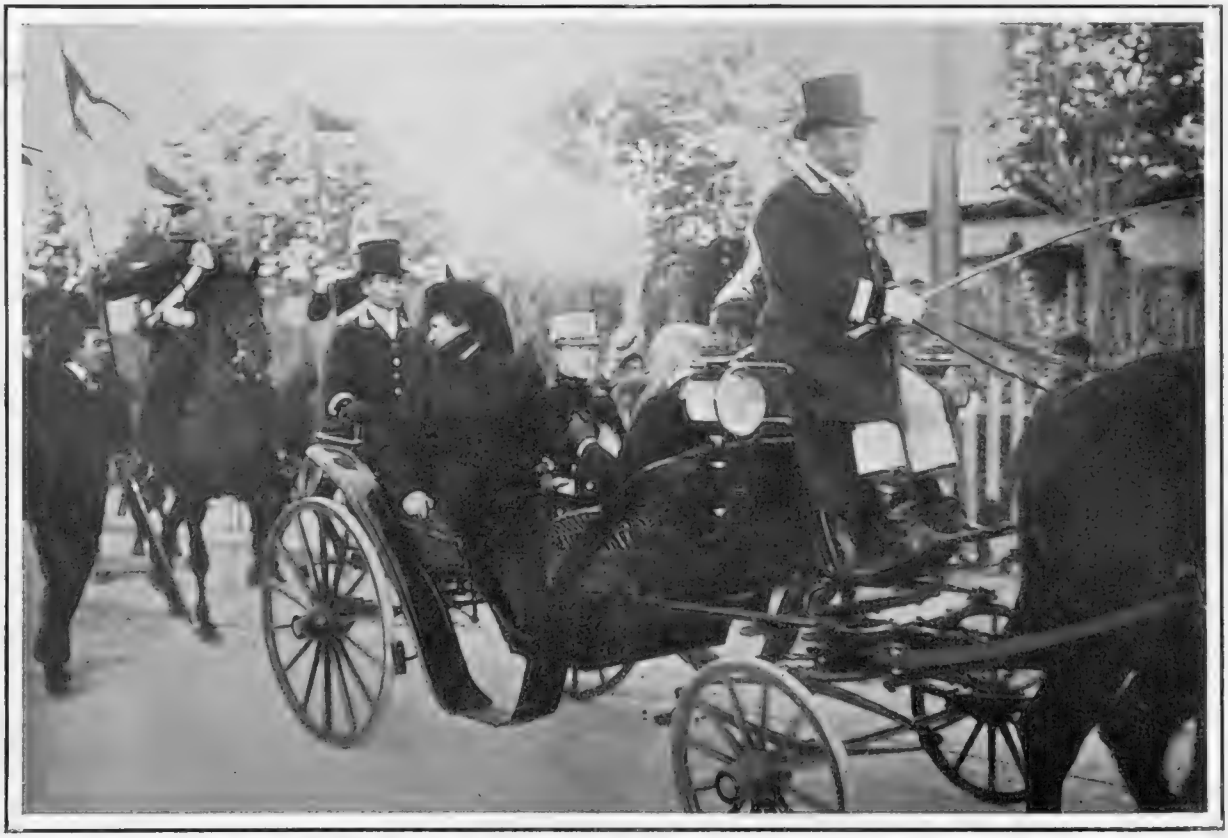


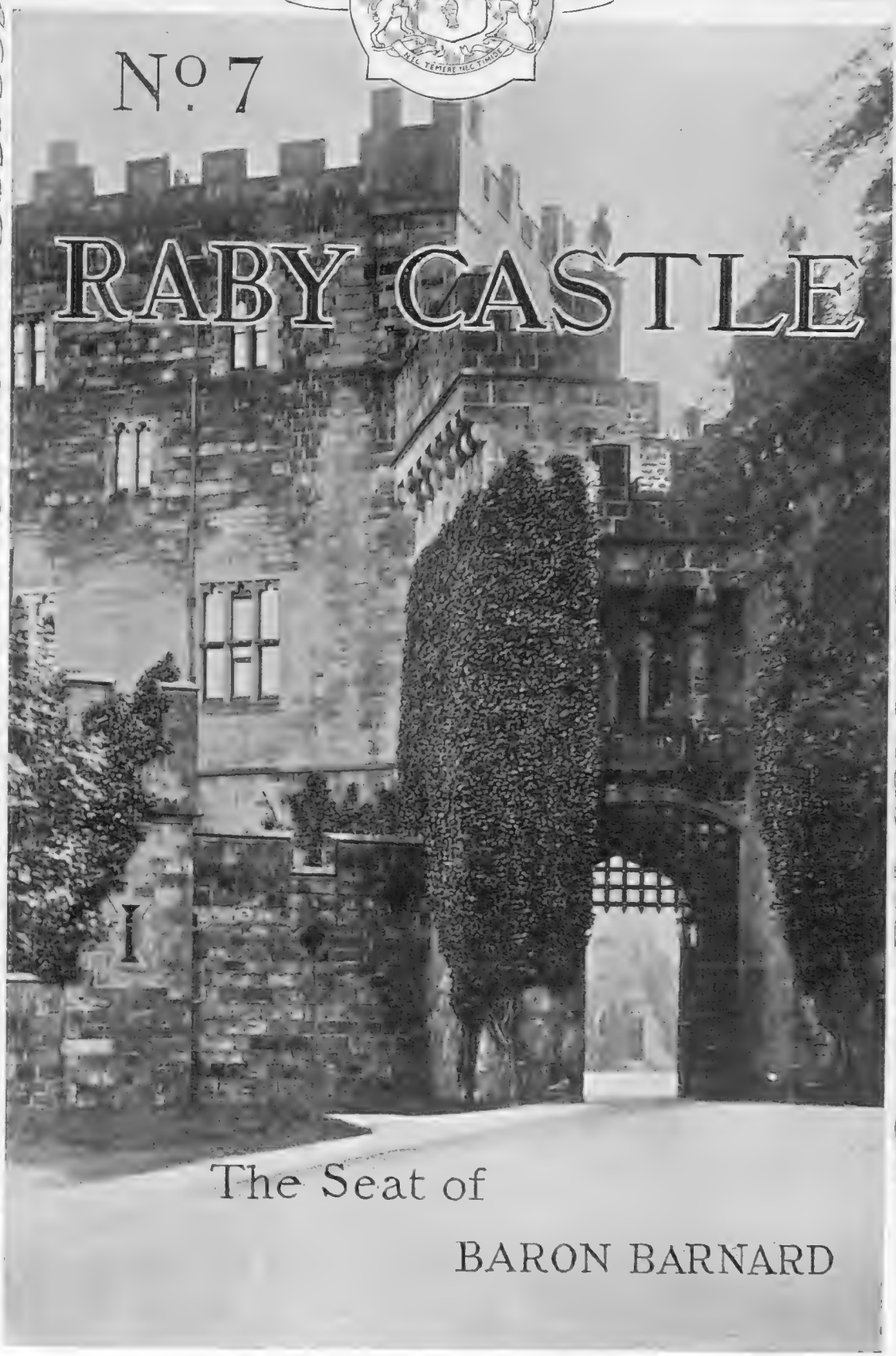
Photo **Among Her Subjects Again: The Widowed Queen of Portugal and King Manuel driving in Cintra Streets** [*L.E.A.*

The first public drive of Queen Amelia since the assassination of the King and Crown Prince. The Queen has just recovered from a severe illness. It is hardly necessary to say that rumour is already busy finding a wife for the young King, among the possible future Queens of Portugal hinted at being an English Princess, an eventuality, it need not be said, somewhat remote!

HISTORIC HOMES

No. 7

RABY CASTLE



The Seat of

BARON BARNARD

"CLIFFORD'S TOWER," THE GATEHOUSE AND ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE, WHICH IS SITUATED AT DARLINGTON, IN THE COUNTY OF DURHAM

RABY CASTLE: THE CRADLE OF THE NEVILLS, AND THE PRESENT HOME OF THE HOUSE OF VANE

(Photographs taken for THE BYSTANDER *by Leonard Willoughby)*

Beneath the Neville Tower
The Courtyard is seen beyond, with the entrance to the Hall shown on page 704

MANY feudal remains are to be found in the historic county palatine of Durham, but none is more interesting than the antique Castle of Raby. In 1379 John de Nevill, whose mansion house dated back to the middle of the twelfth century, obtained a licence to make a castle of his manor, and to embattle and crenulate its towers.

The Nevills

It is these ancient features which give the character to the present building, although, of course, many changes and chances have befallen the old home of the Nevills throughout the centuries. For example, it is said that the south front is largely the work of Inigo Jones, and many slight alterations have been made in recent years.

The potent family of Nevill ruled here for centuries.

> Seven hundred Knights, retainers all
> Of Nevill, at their master's call
> Had sate together in Raby's Hall

on many occasions before the sixth Earl of Westmoreland failed in a conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth and fled to the Netherlands.

The Vanes

Sir Henry Vane purchased, by rather a sharp bargain, these estates in the reign of James I., and since that time the Castle has been held by his family, who have been Barons and Viscounts Barnard, Earls of Darlington, and Dukes of Cleveland. Of these various high honours the ancient barony of Barnard survives. The Right Hon. Henry de Vere Vane, the ninth Baron Barnard, now seated at Raby, succeeded to his kinsman the late fourth Duke of Cleveland.

Pictures

In the large hall there are portraits of Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, James II., and Frederick, Prince of Wales. There are two fine examples of Murillo's work in the chapel, and the various rooms contain a Charles I. and his family by Vandyck—Charles was twice at Raby as a friend, but the Sir Harry of that day became a doubtful supporter—and there are also examples of Sir Peter Lely, Correggio, Titian, Teniers, and Claude.

Many of the interiors of the rooms have been modernised in a period not too famous for its taste or reverence. Thus within the vast walls of Raby the historic days of the still powerful house of Nevill, and the adventures of the Vanes, are not so greatly suggested as when one is viewing the outward side of the Castle. But yet there is a plentiful store of those souvenirs of the past—such as the splendid old silver, the arms and the treasures of Queen Elizabeth—which give an air of antique grace to the more recent ornaments and decorations.

The Barons' Hall, where the Knightly Retainers of the Nevills Caroused in Ancient Days
"Raby's Hall" is celebrated in poetry as well as in history, and was wont to be a very picturesque place when the knightly retainers of Nevill there sat together. Its chief glories are now the pictures, which include portraits of Elizabeth, Cromwell, James II., and Frederick, Prince of Wales

Martial and Domestic Aspects

Battlement and Tower: The Castle seen from the South across the Moat

"A noble, massy building, it strikes us by its magnitude and that idea of strength naturally associated with the vast walls, lofty towers, and battlements of an old baron's residence."—GROSE, "Antiques of England and Wales"

The Domestic Graces—Pictures, China, and Books: A Corner of the Ante-room to the Drawing-room

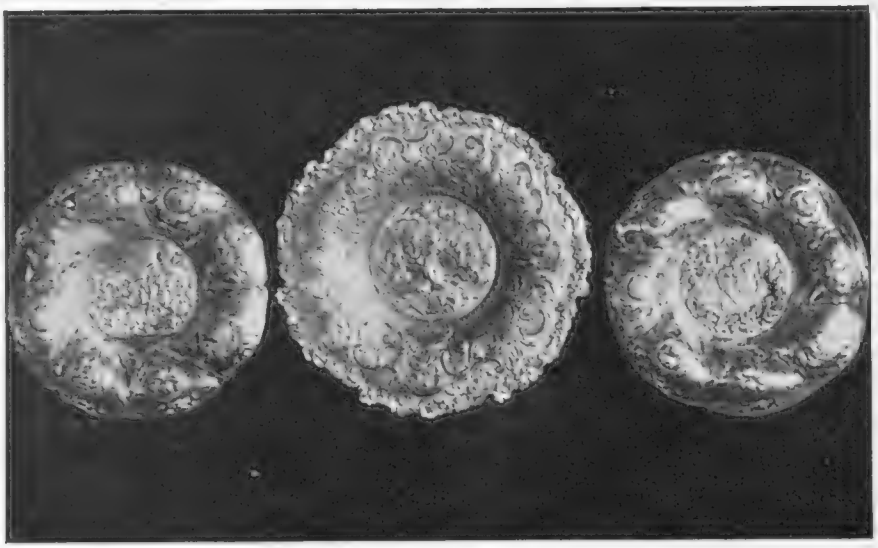
The large Teniers on the left and the Claude on the right are two examples of the wealth of paintings to be seen at Raby, and in this photograph one also gets a pleasant glimpse of some of the old china, of which the Castle contains some choice things

Rosewater Dish

In silver-gilt, repoussé with a battle of the Amazons, and a female figure in the centre

China

Among the china at Raby Castle are some good examples of Sèvres, of which the photograph above shows a selection



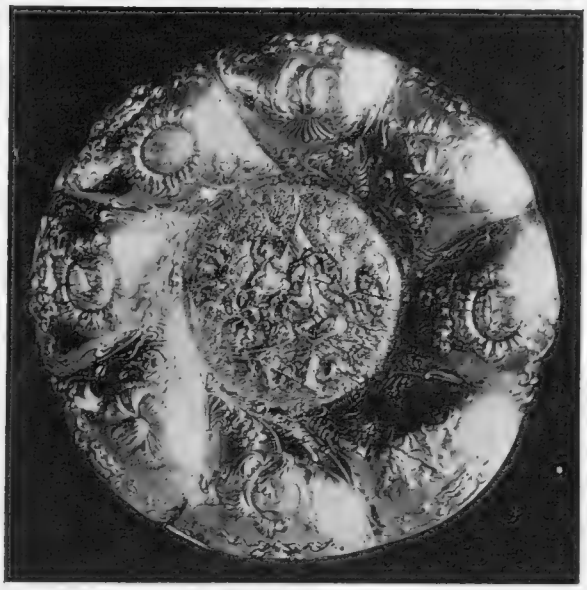
Three Silver-Gilt Rosewater Dishes

Richly repoussé with floral designs and figure subjects. On the centre dish is represented a triumph of Silenus

Two Large Silver-Gilt Tankards

Repoussé with *fleurs-de-lys* and trophies of arms and armour, set with coins, and engraved with armorial bearings

TREASURE
—— CA



Silver-Gilt Salver

With border repoussé with roses and tulips, and in the centre a combat between Christians and Saracens

Statuary

The "Greek Slave," shown in the centre of this page, adorns the octagon drawing-room, and is of the kind more admired formerly than to-day

Memories of the Turf: Racing Cups Won in the Early Nineteenth Century

The cup on left was won by Belville at the Ascot Heath Races in 1818, that on right won by Chorister in the Northallerton Races in 1831

Two Pilgrims' Bottles in Silver-Gilt

Showing (on the right) Christ disputing with the doctors in the Temple. The armorial bearings are those of William Henry, Duke of Cleveland

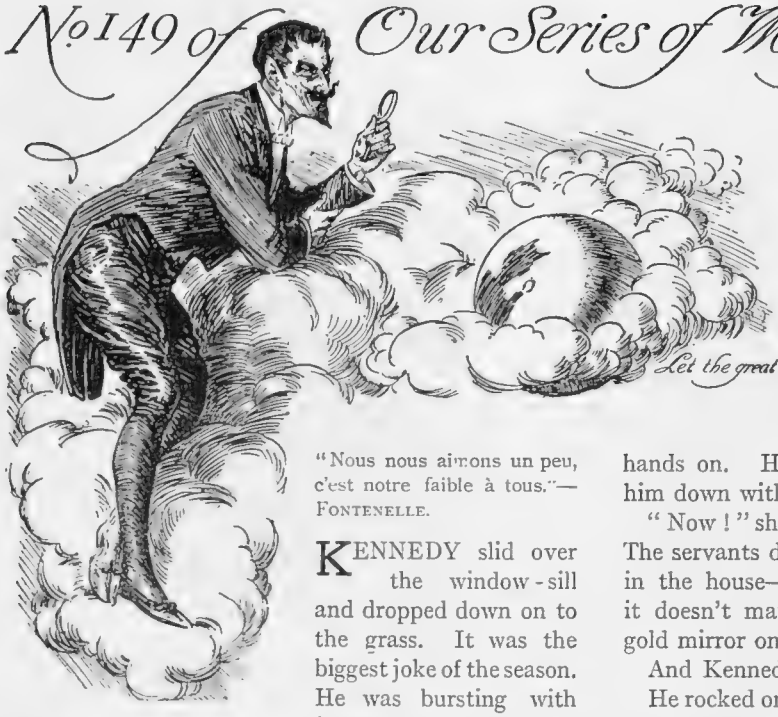
S OF RABY
STLE

A Gothic Interior

THE PILLARED HALL, THROUGH THE ARCHWAY OF WHICH CARRIAGES ARE DRIVEN

One of the chief Gothic features of Raby Castle is the pillared hall, the archway of which is large enough to admit carriages. The roof is graceful, though somewhat severe in design

No. 149 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



An Accomplice

By R. RAMSAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield.

"Nous nous aimons un peu, c'est notre faible à tous."—FONTENELLE.

KENNEDY slid over the window-sill and dropped down on to the grass. It was the biggest joke of the season. He was bursting with it as he cut across the borders, shuffling in his tracks as she had bidden him to disguise his footprints, and dashed into the plantation. She had allowed him a minute's start before she began to shriek.

The warm darkness was full of wild spring scents. Behind the spinney he plunged knee-high into a poisonous fragrance of meadow-sweet, and a sharp whiff of honeysuckle saluted him, brushing his mouth as he thrust his way through its tangle. By pure luck he escaped immersion in the hidden pond. Providentially he alighted on the strip of a trodden path in the middle of the tall, wet, betraying grasses, and sprinted up the pasture, stumbling over an animal that rose gigantic out of its sleep, and swinging himself up on a stile to get his wind. He had laughed himself out of breath.

Pity it was a joke that couldn't be shared—since its publication would be so awkward for the woman.

As for Peters himself, a brute so crooked as to pretend that he was in Paris, all to satisfy his insane jealousy of a neighbour who had strolled across to smoke an after-dinner cigarette with his wife, he deserved to be sold. What luck that Eve, leaning out to hear the nightingales, had overheard instead himself and his spy whispering; had caught the paid watcher hissing his triumphant knowledge that there was a man in the house!

And what a smart little devil she was! Clever—perhaps too clever. His admiration was killing a certain dangerous tenderness. If she had sobbed and clung to him it would have been very foolish—embarrassing to a man in a false position—but her readiness was a bit disenchanting. Before he had quite realised their fix, and while those stealthy footsteps were approaching the door—he heard them crunching cautiously on the gravel, sure of trapping him in the house—she was already snatching off her rings, her necklace, dragging him with her breathlessly up a stair, into a chamber where precious baubles lay scattered among the glittering fripperies of her toilet, and stuffing his pockets with all she could lay her hands on. He might be thankful she hadn't loaded him down with plate.

"Now!" she said, pushing him, "out of the window! The servants didn't see you. *They* don't know who's in the house—they're guessing. If you're seen *now* it doesn't matter. Run—run! You can drop that gold mirror on the lawn."

And Kennedy grasped her inspiration.

He rocked on his stile, rubbing his knees, anticipating with glee the furious disappointment of Peters at disturbing a common burglar, and—for he was beginning to feel the exhilaration of the night for its birds, for the highwayman, and the poacher—actually desiring the intoxicating risks of pursuit. But the minute was up. His expectation was gratified by a splendid uproar. Lights flashed at the windows of the ancient manor that Peters had vulgarised; he distinguished a woman's shrill yell, persisting, piercing through the shouting all round the house; and as, after all, loitering was imprudent in anyone implicated in this adventure, he had the sense to jump.

. . . . . .

"I can't talk about it," said Eve. "It was too frightful. I ran into the room and found him cocking his pistol at my head!"

Her attendance at this, one of the local race-meetings that spring up, making an occasion for partings and lamentation over the vanished hunting season, was a triumphal progress. The purple feathers in her hat were waving in a flattering circle of sympathisers; her pallor was artistic; her eyes were brilliant. On the skirts of her admiring public hung Peters, with a sulkily vanquished air.

"What did you do?" asked another woman, a grand, gruff enemy of hers, notable in the world of sport, who even now had an eye on the numbers going up, which was probably affectation. The rest of them openly turned their backs on the racing.

"What *could* I do?" said the plaintive victim. "I was at the villain's mercy. I'm not brave like you. *I'm* not in the habit of stalking tigers. I simply shrieked for help."

"You might have been murdered," exclaimed her audience.

"I'm sure I should," said Eve, with a delicious shudder, "if my husband hadn't turned up in the nick of time and rushed upstairs at my cries and burst into the room and saved me. But the wretch didn't wait for that—he decamped. If you'd seen him. Oh!—with his black mask, and his fiendish expression, and his dreadful, dreadful voice! It was awful!

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

My husband says I just flung myself into his arms and went off into hysterics."

"Humph," said the sportswoman, and walked off into the paddock.

The heroine sighed. It was sweet, extinguishing a rival.

"I daresay," she murmured, "that woman thinks I ought to have pursued him out of the window and captured him single-handed."

"Absurd," said the men who were buzzing round her. She smiled on their appre iative chorus.

"It is breaking my heart," she said, "to know that he got away with my rubies. I miss them awfully. My husband's been very good; he's given me a lot of new diamonds, and a duck of a tiara—but it's not the same. I was *so* attached to my rubies. And he dropped a great many articles as he ran; but there was a little gilt puff-box I wanted buried in my coffin—— How do you do, Sam?"

Kennedy had been tardy in paying homage. His amused contemplation at a distance did not suit her tragic importance. It provoked in her pique and an inconsistent sense of injury.

"You're having a good time over it, aren't you?" he said.

Eve bit her lip, signalling precaution. How was it that a joke was the one thing a man couldn't keep to himself?—and, ah!—the one fatal thing, destroying the spells of woman?

"People," she said, "are very kind to me in my misfortunes. But the police are really too officious. They keep raking in tramps for me to identify. How can I? They're sure the man had accomplices—from evidences they have found in the garden. Accomplices! They've actually taken impressions—lurking in most unlikely places—of the slippers of my husband's valet—and of my husband's boots!"

Beneath her purring simplicity lay a hint of claws. Peters, who had been dogging them, slunk off to make a bet.

"You'll be glad to see those beloved rubies again. I heard the lamentation," said Kennedy, chuckling.

She took a quick little step away from him. The others had scattered, and he and she had sauntered naturally apart.

"You're not capable——?" she gasped, "you're not walking about with them in your pockets?"

"What else?" he said, with utter unconsciousness. "You didn't expect I'd pawn 'em? I've brought the lot here on purpose to hand them over honourably to you. I've had them long enough, thanks! I was bound to seize my opportunity, as you said I mustn't call. There isn't a soul at the back of Bingham's luncheon-tent. Come along!"

"Are you mad?" said Eve. She flung back her floating scarf; her little face was vixenish in its temper. "You'll tell me next you are riding—and you'll break your neck with my rubies on you, and I shall be ruined, for all the world will guess! And you want *me* to take them? With a house full of detectives, and a prying maid—and a husband!"

"My dear Eve," he ejaculated, still more amused than confounded, "it's all exceedingly funny, but I can't carry stolen property about my person for the rest of my natural life. And it wouldn t do to send them to you by post. Be sensible!"

"*Sensible!*" she repeated. Something was choking her.

"Well," he said, "be good. I *am* riding, but I haven't the faintest intention of dangling my ill-gotten gains round my neck. And I can't leave 'em lying about in the dressing-room. You are full of invention; you can trump up a tale, or hide them away for a bit till the fuss blows over."

"My dear Sam," she mimicked, "I will not be compromised!"

He gazed after her blankly as she put an end to their comparative isolation by sailing into an animated group discussing chances. The little devil!

And then another man touched him on the shoulder.

"That you, Sam? I was to ask you to come and say how d'you do to your wife."

He followed mechanically, preoccupied with a joke that had lost its flavour. How on earth was he to dispose of these abominable trinkets?

He and Madge had not seen much of each other lately, though he wrote to her occasionally—on Sundays. She was probably staying with somebody in the neighbourhood. It was two years since she had shared his accommodation in the hutch he had put up down here, beside his ruinous pile of stabling; and she had a house of her own elsewhere. The match had not been one of inclination. He had committed himself to oblige, being ordered to settle down by an exacting parent (over a matter of paying debts). And they had had nothing in common; they were only acquaintances.

Possessed with a comic sense of his plight, he scarcely looked at her. But it struck him that her voice was uncommonly soft. He spoke a conventional word or two, and went off, considering. In a minute or two he came back, folding his long, light coat.

"Would you be so good as to take care of this till after my race?" he said. "I don't want anything to drop out of my pockets."

She looked a little astonished, but took it carefully on her arm; and Kennedy, who was riding in a private sweepstakes, owners up, got on to his horse with a quizzical glance at the purple feathers tossing defiantly in the paddock, and made him caper, hoping that Eve felt anxious.

He didn't win his race, but he was a good loser, and the gallop was worth it. Later on he fought his way through a lane of chaff, looking out for his wife and disgracefully uncertain which was she until he recognised the coat she carried, and she came towards him. She did not sparkle at a man like Eve did—but somehow she made the others common.

"Thanks awfully," he said.

"Do you mind," she said, hurriedly, "if I come back with you? I'm going out with the Maurices to Australia, and there are one or two things I want. If you can put me up for the night I'll collect them."

"Certainly," said Kennedy, surprised, "but wouldn't you be more comfortable——"

"Oh, it's not worth coming down on purpose," she interrupted. "And I won't upset your bachelor housekeeping with a maid. They'll pack a bag for me and send it over."

It had somewhat the look of an escapade, the way they drove off together. Half his acquaintances did not know her, and a scandalous whisper rejoiced the crowd. People ran up and down asking, "Who's the woman?" And some who knew, tickled by the

(*Continued on page 708*)

One of "The Stranger's" Converts

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS VIVIAN IN "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK" AT THE ST. JAMES'S

Miss Crawford, though her talents are not afforded much scope, gives an effective and praiseworthy characterisation of the daughter of Major and Mrs. Tompkins, whom her parents almost persuade to marry a rich libertine bookmaker, though she is really in love with a penniless artist, another member of the strange boarding-house family to whom Mr. Jerome introduces us in his "Idle Fancy"

(Continued from page 706)

situation, concealed their knowledge, and shook their heads.

Looking over his shoulder as they started, Kennedy had a glimpse of one curious, furious spectator, and purple feathers tilted skywards.

. . . . . .

"It's a queer world," he said, cheerfully, as he sat opposite his wife at dinner, trying for a subject of conversation. "I'm sorry, Madge. Our characters are gone."

"I should have brought a chaperon," she agreed.

She looked nervous, but she was smiling. Was it possible that two or three years of worldly independence had done so much for the shy, cold young woman he had most inconsiderately married; had taught her an equal irreverence for the solemnities of their position? He began to like her.

"I'm afraid you'll be frightfully uncomfortable," he said, quite anxiously. "You can have my room, if you'll excuse its untidiness. My man is burying his grandmother—he'll do it once too often—and I'll camp in the dressing-room. I'd spring-clean it a bit for you, but I don't know how."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Madge.

She looked incomprehensibly nice to him; he must have forgotten what she was like, or she had altered; but he saw that she had something on her mind. Suddenly she took courage.

"Don't be cross," she said; "there's nothing of mine in this house, I know. I have come because I wanted to talk seriously to you."

"Sermons!" muttered Kennedy. He felt as if he had dropped from the clouds. All his days he had been dodging sermons. "Oh! but there *is*, though. There is a cobweb of sorts hanging up behind my door—a dressing-gown, do you call it?—pink ribbons and things. I told them to let it hang. I rather like to see it. It's—a civilising touch."

His alarmed nonsense failed in its object.

"I heard some men talking this afternoon," she said. Her voice was a little stiff, a little frightened, and very low. "I stood close to them, watching your race; and one of them said, 'Poor old Sam; he's broke, he's got to sell his horses, unless the Peters' spoil is convertible into cash!' And the others grinned, and said, 'How could a man resist temptation within a stone's throw? But it'll take a hatful of rubies to bolster up his finances!'"

If the ribald crew could but have divined what that lady was all unconsciously guarding! Yesterday, Kennedy would have shouted at the recollection, but now the humour of the whole wild affair was swallowed up in anger at himself. It was a low trick to play upon her.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "You don't seriously——" He liked the way her look blotted out that impossible suspicion, although he was hot all over.

"Are you broke, Sam?" she said. "Are you going to sell your horses?"

"I suppose I am," he allowed. "I was unlucky at Liverpool."

The lamp was shining in her hair; she looked slimmer and younger than he had imagined as she moved diffidently towards him and laid her hand—as light as a leaf—on his sleeve.

"We must both have forgotten that I am your wife," she said. "Please let me—lend you some money?"

"My good girl," he said, touched, troubled, "you haven't got enough yourself."

"I'm not extravagant," she said. "I don't back the favourites like you; my heart's always with the outsiders that nobody cheers when they struggle home. And I've shut up my house. You can't spend money on board a ship."

"It's awfully good of you, Madge," he said; "but I couldn't take your money."

"Although," she said, wistfully, "I have never stood on my—rights—before?"

"You don't ask much," he said, in an odd voice. "Oh, I'll worry on all right. It isn't the first tight corner I've been in through my own fault. You don't know what a reckless lunatic you have got for a husband."

"Yes," she said. "As you say, we scarcely know each other." The eagerness had died out of her face; she was hurt. Alas! they were not accustomed to fall out and make it up.

"I'll go up now," she said. "I'm tired. We'll fight it out in the morning."

Kennedy lit her candle, wondering why his fingers were not quite steady, and escorted her politely to the door of the room in which his housekeeper had made a hasty effort to cope with masculine chaos. It looked upside down, and shocked him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he said.

"Nothing," she said; "unless you send up your stud-groom to brush my hair. Don't commiserate me too much. Good-night."

Kennedy went down to look something in the face that he only half understood.

Madge was not undressing. She was walking up and down. Couldn't she sleep?

He heard her go once or twice into the dressing-room, and guessed at last that she was amusing herself by putting his clothes in order. How silly—how sweet of her—how like a woman!

Suddenly he stood up. Had he locked those infernal jewels in his despatch-box, or had he not?

In a bound he was up the stairs and was knocking at her door. His application won no notice, and he turned the handle, cursing himself for the most careless criminal in the kingdom, in time to hear her catch her breath as if she had been shot. The murder was out.

She stood transfixed, as white as death, and staring at the glittering heap that betrayed him. He pulled himself together stubbornly to bear the shame of her inevitable horror. What could a man say to balance that damning evidence—a man who had discovered all in a moment that her contempt would be the worst blow on earth?

And all at once he was holding her in his arms.

"You poor boy!" she was sobbing; "you poor boy! Were you driven to that?"

What in the name of heaven was this thing that had come to him?

"Do you think I am fit to touch you?" he said, hoarsely, incredulously. Her clasp tightened. He could feel her heart beating, could feel all her body thrill with passionate pity and protection.

"Oh!" she said tenderly, "oh—you belong to me!"

And the man's soul was shaken as he held her close to him.

(Continued on page 710)

Autumn Mist

Photo L. E. A.

A QUAYSIDE STUDY

(*Continued from page 708*)

Stammering, he tried to explain that the accursed things were not stolen; that Eve Peters knew he had them. The tale sounded lame in his own ears. She lifted her head.

"Do you mean," she whispered, "you took help from her—and you would not from me?"

"Good Lord, no!" he said quickly. "It was a sort of a practical joke on Peters."

She put her little unsteady hands on his shoulders, making him let her go.

"And in return," she said, "for the mad risks you took—for her—— Oh, Sam, I'm not a baby, though I am old-fashioned! She'll make you keep these things in your possession, a kind of hold over you, a means of revenging herself if you are fickle."

"Madge!" he cried. He could not lie to her.

"Ah!" she said, with a funny, piteous laugh—and he saw her lip quiver. "You can't ask me to be fair to that other woman!"

"I wish to God——" he said, and stopped; but she understood. She turned to him, smiling—smiling!

"Sam," she said, "will you do something rash—with me?"

"Anything," said Kennedy.

She was putting the glancing handful of jewels into a collar-box, a plain green paste-board thing from a shop, that should have been cast away as rubbish, and was tying it up with a safe, insignificant bit of string.

"That man Peters," she said, "was indiscreet at the races. He proclaimed that the police are going to do something desperate to-morrow."

"Oh, are they?" said Kennedy.

"They are going to drain the pond."

"Why on earth——?" began Kennedy, instinctively putting his thumb on the string as she pulled it hard.

"Hush!" said Madge. "A clairvoyant wrote to the papers that she had a vision of the missing articles under water. Let's advertise an undeserving woman who spins a hard living out of nightmares; let's make her famous."

"Whoop!" said Kennedy. "We'll dare the midnight adventure. I'll fasten a brick to my guilty secret, and throw it in the pond."

. . . . . .

They leaned side by side in the knee-high fragrance of meadow-sweet, right under the walls of the enemy, and listened to the splash. It was dangerously loud in the stillness, and as silence followed, their pulses beat in tune at a ridiculous feeling of peril passed, in a world that had turned quickly. Stumbling, laughing, they tramped back like conspirators, and shut themselves softly in the sleeping house.

"Don't go to Australia," said Kennedy under his breath. "Stay with me."

"Because I am your accomplice?" she said, as low.

"No; because you are——," said the man, and words failed him. His arm was round her.

"——Only your wife," said Madge.

R. Ramsay.

CHESSMEN HELP CHILDREN

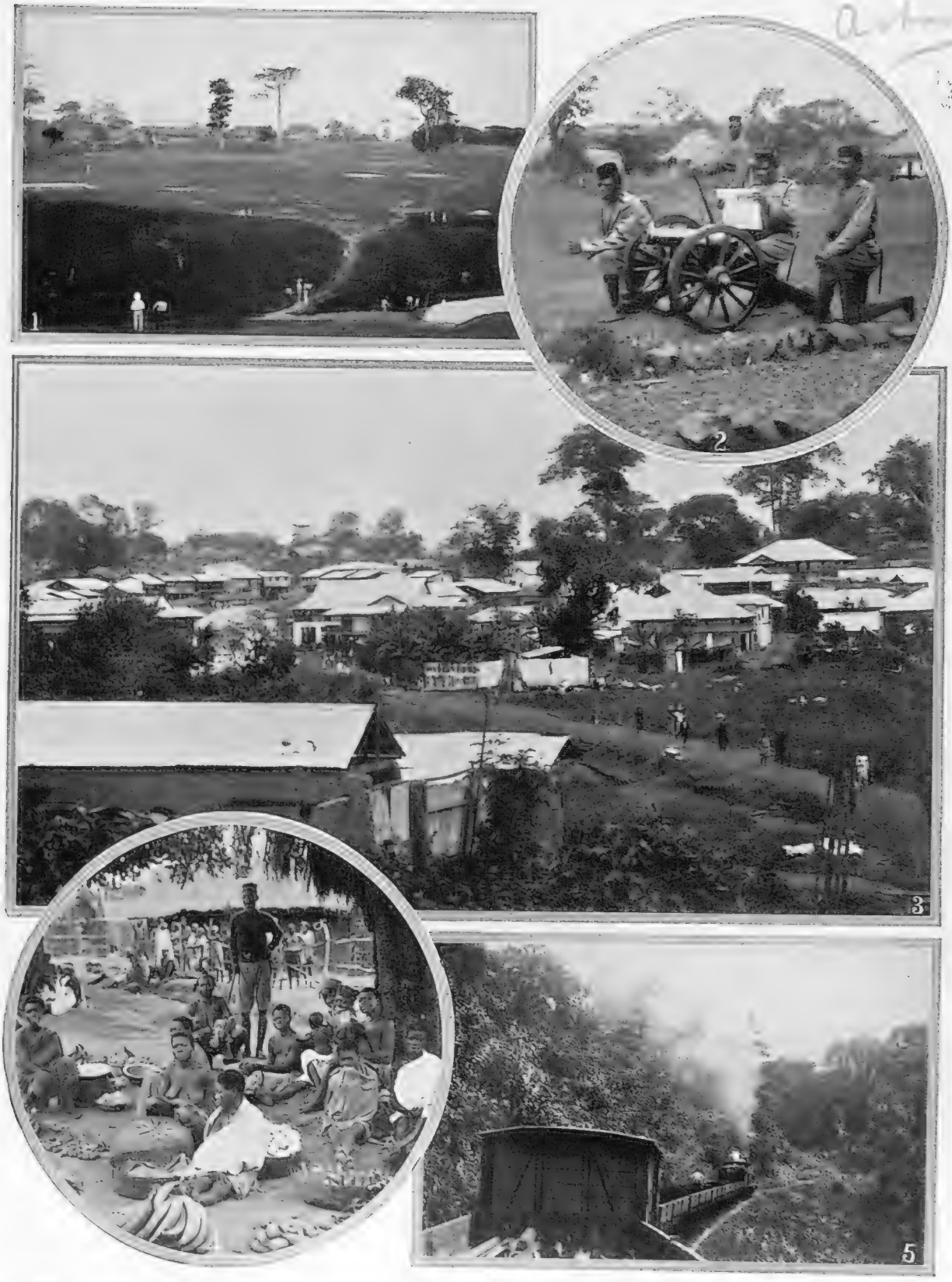
Photo *Denny*

Musical Living Chess at Teignmouth in Aid of the R.S.P.C.C.

An attractive and picturesque game of chess, with living chessmen, whose moves were made by herald's trumpet call, was recently played at Teignmouth, and attracted so many spectators that the promoters were enabled to hand over the sum of £100 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

Lightening Darkest Africa

THE PATH OF PROGRESS AND CIVILISATION IN ASHANTI



Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

1. That Ubiquitous Game! A General View of the Kumasi Golf Course. 2. "Ourselves" at a Bush Station in N.W. Ashanti, with a Squad of Native Field Artillery. 3. A View of Kumasi from its "Suburb" of Zongo. 4. A Glimpse of the Old Life: A Market Scene in the Hausa Town of Winki. 5. A Snapshot on the Railway between Sekondi and Kumasi.

Evidence of the white man's rapidly increasing influence in Ashanti and West Africa generally is afforded by the above pictures, no less by the railway than by the golf course outside Kumasi, where the British residents play their daily round. Even Kumasi, not many years since the scene of native Tsardom, outrage, and even human sacrifices, is now a town of shops and bungalows, and though gas-lamps and tramways are not yet seen in its streets, these innovations are probably but a matter of a few years

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Richard Strauss." By Ernest Newman. (John Lane: 2s. 6d.)

"The Spirit of Revolt." By Philip Gibbs. (Methuen: 6s.)

"John Silence." By John Silence. (Eveleigh Nash).

"Orthodoxy." By G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane: 6s.)

A Book on Richard Strauss

The *Richard Strauss* of the "Living Masters of Music" Series (John Lane: 2s. 6d.) is by Mr. Ernest Newman, and therefore says, to the uttermost limit, everything good there is to be said for this much-discussed composer. Mr. Newman is avowedly a partisan of the programme school. Frankly, he regards classicism as dry bones, and believes that the music of the future must have a literary or pictorial undercurrent. Therefore, he is of Strauss's way of thinking, so far as the logic of the position is concerned. Not all Mr. Newman's advocacy of his theories, however, succeeds in convincing one of Strauss's greatness as a composer. There is, in Mr. Newman's pages, plenty of special pleading, plenty of good information, but none of that passionate and extravagant eulogy which one expected to have hurled at one's head. This is a cold, calculating book on a cold, calculating musician. Mr. Newman, defending Strauss, reminds me of the leader-writer in a respectable Liberal paper pretending to approve of a proposal of the Socialists. In theory, of course, the thing is admirable, but heaven save him from it in practice! I differ, *in toto*, from Mr. Newman's advocacy of programme music; but I suspect myself to be in the most genuine agreement with him in my cordial dislike of the actual experience of hearing it performed. Maybe we have actually bolted, neck and neck, out of the same door one of those dark days when *Ein Heldenleben* or *Don Quixote* has been started at the Queen's Hall.

Richard Strauss

Whose revolutionary compositions are defended by Mr. Ernest Newman in the latest of the "Living Masters of Music" Series (John Lane), from which this photo is taken

* * *

"The Spirit of Revolt"

Ambition *versus* love is the theme of *The Spirit of Revolt* (Methuen: 6s.), by Philip Gibbs. Kelmarsh, the hero, is a young and very serious Labour M.P. In a soft moment, between the whiles of following his readers into the lobby and speaking on public platforms, he falls in love with a chorus girl who resides in the same boarding-house. They marry; and then trouble begins. The girl, forced out of her accustomed life of gaiety, finds housework to pall, and resenting her husband's continuous absences, and his "superior" and somewhat pedagogic ways, makes the usual "bolt"—but not guiltily. The story, in fact, is a clean one, in which a perplexing issue is well presented and happily—if somewhat conventionally—solved. Perhaps Kelmarsh himself is drawn a little too severely. I cannot imagine even a provincial youth quite so serious as he; and it is a little difficult to believe that so uncouth a defender of the "rights of the people" could possibly enjoy such social successes as he does. It is likely enough that he should become friendly with a *dilettante* Tory Member, but he is the last fellow such a man as Basil Chilvers would have introduced to his "people." I find it a little difficult, indeed, to understand Kelmarsh's popularity even in the Bloomsbury boarding-house, an environment which Mr. Gibbs describes with a realism which suggests exact and painful experience.

* * *

A Little Less Bloomsbury?

By the way, might one beseech aspiring fictionists to let the boarding-house drop for a while? Its *habitués* and their dietary, the illiteracies of its landladies, and sluttishnesses of its maids-of-all-work—surely these humors reached their climax half a century ago in Todgers's, and their anti-climax in the early jocularities of Mr. Jerome. Can we not be allowed to meet curious people over something fresher than their breakfast eggs?

* * *

A Psychical Detective

Lovers of mystery should lose no time in making the acquaintance of *John Silence*, in the book published

under his name by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. John is a sort of Sherlock Holmes of Spirit-land. Persons afflicted by strange and shadowy visitations go to him and consult him, and he, deeply versed in psychical mysteries, generally succeeds in ultimately laying by the heels the oppressor. The book is written with apparent feeling for psychical plausibility. Thus, the story of the young author who, consequent on consuming *cannabis indica*, loses his sense of humour through the plague of laughter, is clever. In the grip of the drug, he is persecuted by a woman. The identity of this personage is traced by John Silence, and the young man freed from her pursuit. Another amazing story is "The Nemesis of Fire," in which Silence is called in to discover the cause of abnormal heat in the house of an officer. All the episodes are daring and thrilling. If there is, to-day, any tendency towards a mystical revival, this book should become popular. It is decidedly well written, and, on the whole, free from sensational devices.

* * *

A New Chesterton Book

He will go round and round in his logical circle just as a man in a third-class carriage on the Inner Circle will go round and round the Inner Circle, unless he performs the voluntary, vigorous, and mystical act of getting out at Gower Street.

This is, I think, the passage I like best in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy* (John Lane: 6*s*.). There are, of course, many others, but this seems to introduce us fairly forcibly to the particular genius of the writer. He has a philosophical theory—a paradoxical one, of course—the madman is the man who has lost everything *except* his reason. Answering a friend who has told him that a certain man will get on because he "believes in himself," Mr. Chesterton has replied that "the men who believe in themselves . . . more colossally than Napoleon or Cæsar . . . are all in lunatic asylums. . . ." The madman's explanation of a thing is always complete, and often, in a purely rational sense, satisfactory. The only wrong thing about his mind is that it moves in a small circle. Mr. Chesterton abounds in such whimsicalities, and there is always a substratum of truth in them, as in all good paradoxes. But the exact literary talent of the man lies in his similes. He is cultured enough to be able to feel for these in mythology, Scripture, poetry, history, or high literature, but no—he disdains them all. Instead, when seeking to illustrate a point, he will look at the nearest thing to his eye as he moves about his beloved London, and will make that serve him. Thus we find ourselves invoked to "get out at Gower Street"—to depart from the monotonous circle which is our daily life. How utterly absurd, and yet how magnificently apt. Can one not imagine oneself muttering, the very next time a certain line of thought or action seems to be getting stupid, "Get out at Gower Street!" Yes, this massive, spectacled Cockney dreamer is doing marvellous things these days—he is fantasticising the familiar, making us see our old town radiant in a new and odd light. *Orthodoxy* abounds in some graver Chestertonisms. Here are some, culled casually:—

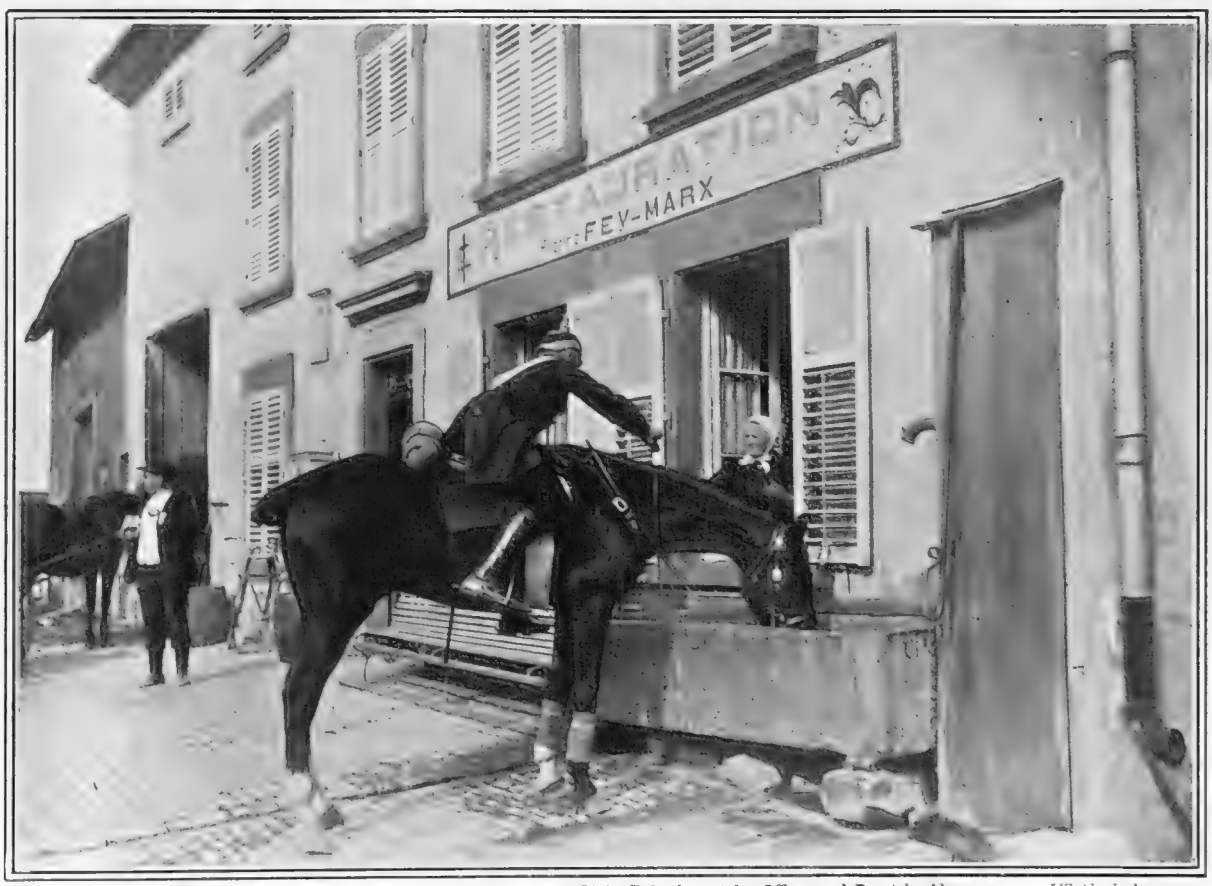
If thy *head* offend thee, cut it off.

The earth is so very large and the cosmos is so very small. The cosmos is about the smallest hole that a man can hide his head in.

Poets do not go mad; but chess-players do. Mathematicians go mad, and cashiers, but creative artists very seldom.

The poet only asks to get his head into the heavens.

It is the logician who seeks to get the heavens into his head.



Photo] **A Detail of the German Manœuvres: Light Refreshment for Officer and Beast in Alsace** [*Topical Agency*

Is the German army, after all, the mighty engine we have all been thinking it? The great manœuvres just closed would seem to hint that its bark is worse than its bite, for the wild and theatrical tactics which have been pursued smack more of some gigantic stage battle at Drury Lane than of the actual conditions of modern warfare. The men, too, have been worked almost to death, and collapses from sheer exhaustion were innumerable. But perhaps the whole thing has been only another of the Kaiser's little jokes?

"The Bystander" Very Much Abroad:

Right Off the Beaten Track in Canada: Indian Pack-Team Men Rest Awhile—and Look at "The Bystander"

The three members of the once dominant race on the American continent, now "hewers of wood and drawers of water," belong to the quickly disappearing Tahl-tan tribe, the one on the left being the cargodore, or boss. The photograph was taken by Mr. Frank Bullock Webster at Iskoot Station, Yukon Telegraphs, Telegraph Creek, B.C., Canada

Our Oldest Reader, Just 110 or So!

A Little Daughter of Ethiopia, One of Our Youngest Readers!

Our first photograph shows an old Shan lady, who says she is over 110 and can vividly recount tales of the first Burmese war in 1826, when the British took possesson of the country. It is sent by Mr. W. P. Mitchell Moulmein, Burma. As a striking contrast is the next picture of a dusky little damsel, the daughter of one of the soldiers in Emin Pasha's old army, who lives at Bahr-el-Ghezal, in Soudan, which is sent by Mr. M. Headlam, 5, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea

Indian Highlanders in the Lowlands

A family group of Bhutan nomads, from the hill districts of Bhutan, on their winter peregrinations through the lowlands. Notice the appropriate Highland plaid and glengarry of the youngest member of the party. Sent by Mrs. McCrea, Nowgong, Bundelkhand, India

Proofs of its Popularity with the Coloured Races

Peaceful Warriors—for the Nonce

Quite Yankee Business Methods in Burma!

East African warriors belonging to the warlike Muru tribe, pacified, at least for a time, by the soothing pages of THE BYSTANDER, are the readers in the left-hand photograph sent by MISS PHILLIPS, Hurst Croft, Ascot, while our reader on the right is an enterprising boatman of Akyab, a small port in Burma, who adopts up-to-date methods to advertise himself and his wares. The latter picture is sent by MR. A. F. WARRINGTON, Akyab, Burma

Indisputable Proof of Turkey's Awakening: Salonika Jews as Interested Readers

Like all other publications, THE BYSTANDER was not permitted in Turkey till the Young Turks' peaceful revolution deprived the Censor of his office. Sent by MR. FREDERICK F. MOORE, c/o British Post Office, Constantinople

With the New Forest Deerhounds

The Pack on its way to a Meet at Beachen Corner

Photos *Sport and General*

The Arrival of the Master, Mr. O. T. Price, with the Hounds

The New Forest Deerhounds hunt much the same woodland and moorland country as the New Forest Foxhounds, and this season have had very fair sport. Followers, however, have received with much regret the announcement of the impending resignation of Mr. O. T. Price, who has been Master since 1901

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Are Hunting People Mean?

Here are hunting people making busy preparations for the regular season, spending their money right and left in new clothes and saddlery so that they may appear spick and span in the glory of scarlet and white at the covertside in the first week of November, and cheerfully accumulating a thousand and one expenses—and here is the staggering charge that they are mean! But isn't it true? Nearly every secretary of a subscription pack will tell you that there is something in the charge. He will tell you of the difficulties he has in getting in the money for the Hunt funds. "Shirkers" of this kind, believe me, are to be found in every Hunt; hence the introduction of the capping system as a means of putting the screw on reluctant subscribers. Truth is, as I have more than once pointed out in these pages, hunting people as a general body have been rather spoilt in the past by the very rich men who have delighted in the Mastership of a hunting country, and have been content to pay the bulk of the expenses in the sheer satisfaction of providing the best of sport for themselves and those who have ridden with them. But there are signs that these hunting philanthropists—surely they are nothing short of that?—are becoming fewer in the land. Masters are arising who stubbornly object to paying more than, say, a third of the total expenses of the Hunt. They expect that there shall be a fairer division of the financial responsibility, and who can blame them? Obviously the time is not far distant when the whole question of Hunt subscriptions will have to be considered, and the man who now thinks £20 to £40 an ample sum to pay for the privilege of following a smart pack throughout the season will find himself called upon to contribute a great deal more.

Outlook for Pheasants

It comes as discouraging to the shooting man, after the moderate season with the grouse, and on the top, too, of partridge shooting, which almost everywhere is proving below the average, to know that the prospects for covert-shooting are by no means of the best. The heavy snowstorms and inclement weather of April are only too well remembered, and it seems that vast damage was done at this time to pheasants' eggs at the very period when hens were nesting. Naturally, the wild pheasants were the worst sufferers, but eggs which were being hatched by penned hens did not escape the ill-timed return of winter. Fortunately, the artificial methods resorted to nowadays in breeding pheasants enable covert-owners and their keepers to triumph over the difficulties of weather to a large extent, and in the ordinary way it is merely a question of laying out sufficient money in the first place to ensure a good stock of pheasants. Thus the shooting between now and Christmas may turn out better than the experts anticipate. Alarming tales are published of "pheasants no bigger than quail" in the second week in September, but, surely, these can only be isolated instances of undeveloped birds from unusually late hatchings.

Photo *Barrett*

Our Veteran Sporting Peer, Lord Harrington, Jumping at the Borrowash Foal Show

The annual Foal Show on Lord Harrington's Borrowash Estate took place recently, and the veteran Earl proved himself one of the most energetic persons present, and, besides acting as judge, took active part in the gymkhana which followed

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Irish Championships

Critics may rage and declare that the multiplication of championships is a vain thing, but, in spite of their denunciations, local championships increase and flourish. Chief among these objects of the purists' wrath are the Irish Championships. Personally, I can see no reason why each country and each district of a country should not have a local championship an it so please them. We all know that there is only one real Amateur or Professional champion of the year, but this need not debar anyone from the consolation of proving himself the champion of his district. Most of these minor and local amateur championships are conducted on excellent lines, and afford a chance to various players to show their prowess both in score and match play. Were the Irish Open Amateur Championship and the South of Ireland Championship to cease to exist they would be much mourned. They have both afforded, during the years of their existence, an immense amount of amusement and pleasure to golfers, and have enrolled among their competitors some of the most distinguished amateur players of later days.

Photo *Waldon Fawcett*

Mr. Taft, the Next U.S. President (?), on the Links

Portly in figure, Mr. Roosevelt's probable successor does not lead the strenuous physical life of the President, but confines his athletic activities to an occasional quiet game of golf

Quite an Historic Meeting

The Irish Open Amateur Championship dates from the year 1892, and can, therefore, claim to be among the earliest evidences of golf in Ireland. This year it was hoped that an Irishman in the person of Mr. H. M. Cairnes might repeat the solitary success which Irishmen have so far achieved in this competition by emulating the feat of Mr. Boyd in winning three years ago. Mr. Cairnes kept the hopes of his countrymen running high by winning his way to the final, when he met Mr. J. F. Mitchell, of the Royal Musselburgh Club, who was runner-up in 1904 and 1905. Third time is kissing time, as the children say, and so it proved in Mr. Mitchell's case, for he defeated Mr. Cairnes after a most close and interesting tussle by 3 and 2. Mr. Mitchell is an unknown quantity to me, but his performance speaks for itself, for anyone who disposes of Mr. Cairnes in a match of thirty-six holes has performed no mean feat. If in addition to this I mention that he is handicapped at plus six in his home club at Musselburgh, the home of countless fine players, I shall have given sufficient proof that the new Irish Open Amateur champion is a worthy successor of the famous players such as Messrs. Ball and Hilton, to mention no others, who have invaded and conquered hospitable Ireland.

The South of Ireland Fixture

Following close on this tournament came the South of Ireland Championship at Lahinch, which was won, to my great pleasure, by that fine young player, Mr. A. R. Aitken, one of the best of the younger division of Prestwick golfers. Most of those who took part in the tournament at Newcastle came on to Lahinch, so that Mr. Aitken, who was beaten in the third round of the earlier championship by Mr. Grant, an American player, had a strong field to meet and vanquish. He was much fancied from the very start, and never belied the hopes of his supporters. Mr. Aitken, when he is really on his game and "out for blood," is a truly formidable person, but little birds have whispered that there have been occasions when the conquering mood has deserted him. I trust that this recent success will put fresh zest into him, and make his lapses from grace even rarer than they have been in the past. At his best there is no better player to watch.

When these lines appear the last great amateur competition will be being fought at St. Andrews, and the new rules will have been passed. Let us hope the new dispensation will prove a blessing. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Local Guides

An excellent little series of local guides, got up with every evidence of taste and most artistically produced, is published by the St. Catherine Press, 8, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C., for the Town Clerks of Banff, Farnborough (Hants), Crediton, Kingsbridge, and Salcombe, and any of the booklets may be had for the asking. Though appealing to holiday-makers, they will be found especially useful to those thinking of taking up a permanent residence in any of the districts named, but who wish for details and particulars of the district before making a final decision. These little publications are a credit to the towns and to the publishers.

LAWN TENNIS

After Eastbourne

On the whole, the season, which ended with the record-breaking meeting at Eastbourne, has been unsensational, except as regards the increase in entries. High-water in this respect was touched at the South of England tourney when no fewer than 300 players entered the lists. From this impressive body of competitors it might be imagined that some new figure, some youthful genius of the racket, might have survived the eliminating rounds, and made a bold effort to win the premier prize. But the new men (and I am afraid I must add the new women) were all mowed down by the inexorable machine represented by the "crack." True, two of the semi-finalists at Eastbourne — the unrelated Powells, as we may call them—are comparatively new to first-class honours, and their youth and rapid progress are sufficient to excite interest; but neither K. Powell nor R. B. Powell has yet exhibited the all-round capacity which makes the champion. Both have modelled their methods somewhat slavishly on the master volleyer, Norman Brookes, whom, as left-handers, they physically resemble; but it was demonstrated, at Eastbourne, Wimbledon, and elsewhere, that the close quarter attack which they exclusively pursue is likely to fail against a really sound and tactical base-liner, one who hits not only with strength but with strategy. Thus Kenneth Powell, alert as he is, was unable to cope with the long, low drives of G. W. Hillyard, while R. B. Powell, with all his Canadian dash, could not stem the torrent of Wilding's top-charged expresses.

Photo *Whitlock*

Mrs. Sterry

The well-known player who won the Ladies' Singles at the Eastbourne Tournament

The Decline of Doubles

One regrettable feature of the past season, noted, I see, in the *Daily Telegraph*, has been the marked decline in the standard of Doubles play. At Eastbourne, where fifty pairs entered for the Doubles, one of the final teams comes through without turning a hair; the other does so without forfeiting a set. At Wimbledon it was well-nigh possible, before the Championship began, to forecast the pairs who would meet in the final, though Hillyard and Cazalet certainly ran the ultimate winners very close in the semi-final. The reason for the decline in Doubles calibre is not hard to determine. It is furnished by the prevalence of "scratch pairs." Few, before they amalgamated and played together as a regular firm, would have selected Ritchie and Wilding as an invincible team. Yet the fact remains that these two, the present All England Doubles Champions, have never been beaten, and their victims include the Doherty brothers and many other first-class pairs. Ritchie and Wilding owe their position to regular practice, to mutual sympathy and confidence, and the fusion of their tactical ideas.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Australian Tour

When the South African team came to England a couple of years ago the fashionable remark to make about them was that they would be highly tried, because their tour followed upon that of the redoubtable New Zealanders. The same remark may now be made with additional force about the Australian team which is paying us a visit this season. We have, dare I say, enjoyed a year's respite from Colonial invasion, but the British public has not forgotten the Douglas deeds of the All Blacks and the Springboks, and will inevitably set to work to draw comparison between the Cornstalks and their forerunners. A certain amount of piquancy is given to the situation by the fact that the Scottish Rugby Union has refused to have anything to do with the invaders on the ground that payment for broken time, which all true Rugby men rightly regard as the thin end of the wedge of professionalism, is countenanced in Australia; that the English and Welsh Unions are troubled by no such qualms; and that the Irish Union is sitting on the fence and awaiting the omen of the jumping cat. So far as the actual play is concerned, they will do well enough so long as the ground is reasonably firm and dry, and whatever the conditions are I have good reason to expect that they will play robust and clean football.

RACING NOTIONS

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES. By CARBINE

Incidents at Newbury

Added to its other advantages, Newbury seems to possess excellent fortune in the matter of weather, and the meeting goes from strength to strength. Last week we must allow that there was not a particularly high-class field for the Autumn Cup, yet the contest was extremely interesting—and what a splendid finish it was! Imagine little Wootton and Maher fighting out the issue inch by inch all the way up the straight. The horses they ride, though putting "all in," seem to play but a secondary part in the minds of the spectators, who watch the crack jockeys each doing their utmost to win. Surely the boy, barely fourteen years old, will not avail against the superior strength and experience of "Danny"? Yet he does so avail, giving not an iota away, and we find, as they flash past the post, that Wootton on Maya has won by a head from Yellow Peril. It was one of those races to be treasured in memory.

Cesarewitch Points

In regard to the Cesarewitch the right motto for the moment would seem to be "play light." You listen to a Pure Gem man—in other words, a person who is supposed to be inspired with the knowledge of exactly what Mr. Joel's colt has done to justify his warm favouritism—and he will confidently assure you that the race is "all over bar shouting." He will generously tell you to "help yourself." But, being perhaps of a sceptical turn of mind, you reply that these hot pots sometimes overboil, and, in any case, you do not care to take 3 or 4 to 1 about a Cesarewitch candidate more than a fortnight before the race. Whether you will be right in thus withstanding the charms of Pure Gem until the day of the race, or even passing him over altogether, can only be said when the fine long-distance struggle is ended; but if past experience has taught us anything, I think you will not be amiss in keeping off the favourite for the time being. As a general rule, I much prefer public form to that which is shown in private, and thus Glacis is my fancy in spite of all that has been said for Pure Gem, and next to him I like best the prospects of Lagos. A complication has been threatened in regard to Glacis, as his stable companion, Perseverance II., has been doing so well as to make it doubtful whether she will not turn out the better representative of the two. On good authority, however, I hear that, according to present arrangement, the colt will be the sole hope of Mr. Lambton's stable, and I maintain my belief that Glacis and Lagos will be chiefly concerned in the Cesarewitch finish. As for the Cambridgeshire, Cocksure II. still looks to be a good thing, though here, again, the odds are not tempting.

An Interesting Jockey Club Stakes

The Jockey Club Stakes, to be run at Newmarket on Thursday, will be a great deal more interesting than this valuable race usually is. Excepting Malua, who gets in on very favourable terms, we need only consider the chances of the three-year-olds. Santo Strato has to give 5lb. to Signorinetta, 8lb. to Siberia, and 11lb. to Primer. Here is a pretty problem, and one in which stamina will play the chief part. Primer did not run like a stayer in the St. Leger, but the other three are at their best over a distance. I intended to make Malua my selection, as he has a tremendous advantage in the weights, but he pulled up lame after a gallop on Saturday. Thus I must rely instead on **Signorinetta**, who will be fitter than she was at Doncaster. However, Malua must not be ignored if he is started sound and well. In the Great Eastern Railway Handicap on Wednesday it may be at last the turn of **Mercutio**, while **Perseverance II.** may win the October Handicap on Friday.

THE SPECIAL HUNTING NUMBER OF
"THE BYSTANDER,"
Dealing with the Season's Prospects, etc.,
Will appear on OCTOBER 14.

Photo The Scene in the Paddock at the Autumn Meeting at Newbury last week *Illustrations Bureau*

The chief event of the meeting, the race for the Autumn Cup, was interesting for the close finish between Wootton on Maya and Maher on Yellow Peril, the fourteen-year-old jockey winning by a head. There was a large and fashionable attendance on each day of the meeting

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

"Four-Inch" Lessons

Favoured by splendid weather conditions, the Royal Automobile Club conducted the fourth international race for the Tourist Trophy with complete success. Those pessimists who anticipated a holocaust of shattered life and limb were doomed to disappointment, and the much-discussed event passed off with an immunity from accident which was as agreeable as it was unique. To a very great extent this was due to the excellent organisation of Mr. Julian Orde, secretary of the R.A.C. I have assisted at many motor functions which have made their mark on the pages of the history of automobile development, but never have I seen such far-sighted clearness in preparation as has been displayed on the present occasion. The stage management, in a word, was admirable, the dress rehearsals taught all concerned exactly how their parts should be played with greatest effect, and the result justified the proceedings.

A Few Criticisms

Having said so much in commendation of the manner in which the race was carried through, it may seem somewhat ungracious to criticise, but I am free to confess that, so far as I can judge, very little practical knowledge has been acquired by any participant in the contest under notice, to quote from the official programme issued by the R.A.C., which lies before me as I write The international race for the Tourist Trophy was founded by the R.A.C. for the purpose of encouraging the development of the touring car of a horse-power required by ordinary users as opposed to the racing car, and is not necessarily a race between existing types. The horse-power, and consequently the speed, of the competing cars is limited by fixing a maximum bore for the cylinders. "Now right here," as our American cousins would say, I beg leave to differ, and, with all deference due to those who framed the rules as a means towards encouraging the development of the touring car as opposed to the racing machine, the Tourist Trophy race, as it was run last week, was an absolute failure. Frames bored to almost breaking point in order to minimise weight, bonnets discarded as useless encumbrances, and tonneaux or passenger-carrying bodies conspicuous by their absence, are certainly not the conditions under which the ordinary motor-car goes on tour. No, the "Four-Inch" race was a speed contest and nothing else, and the average maintained by Mr. Watson, the winner, of just over fifty miles an hour for 338 miles on a car nominally rated at 25 h.-p., is, I think, conclusive evidence of my contention.

A Popular Win

That a British car should carry off the trophy was highly gratifying, and both Mr. Hutton and Mr. Watson are to be heartily congratulated. It is somewhat curious to note that the winning four-cylinder machine came from the works where the six-cylinder car which has been lauded to the skies as the acme of luxury and comfort for touring vehicles, is built. Of course, there is no reason why a firm which has made its name and reputation by running a six-cylinder car should not revert to the four-cylinder principle; but, after all the controversy in the Press and elsewhere to which we have been treated as to the respective merits of four and six cylinders, it is somewhat curious to see so much care and thought bestowed on the despised lesser number. From a social point of view, the "Four-Inch" race was an unqualified success. Prince Francis of Teck, the popular chairman of the R.A.C., crossed to the Isle of Man on Wednesday, and was met by Lord Raglan, the equally popular

Photo *L. N. A.*

The Winner of the Much-Discussed "Four-Inch" Race: Watson on a 25 h.-p. Hutton

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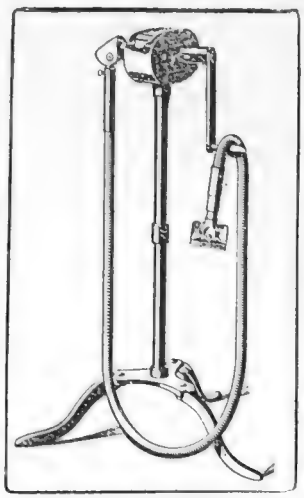

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Governor of the Island. Representing the Club were many prominent members of the committee, including Mr. Worby Beaumont, who acted as judge, Captain Bagnall Wild, who was ubiquitous as marshal-in-chief, Mr. F. P. Armstrong, Mr. A. Armitage, Major T. H. Cochrane, Mr. Philip Dawson, Colonel H. C. L. Holden, Mr. Ker Seymour, Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman, Mr. Arthur Peat, Mr. J. Lyons Sampson, and Mr. Robert Todd, the genial vice-chairman of the Club. Mr. T. C. Aveling very ably discharged the duties of Press steward, and earned golden opinions from all by the tactful manner in which he anticipated every want. Mr. Julian Orde, as I have said, proved once again how skilfully he can handle a great undertaking, which, however unconvincing as a step towards the development of the perfect touring car, must be written down as one of the most successful events ever organised and carried out by the Royal Automobile Club.

* * * *

The British Motor-Boat Club at Burnham

There can be no doubt that the final meeting of the B.M.B.C. must be regarded as the most successful yet held in British waters. The large number of entries received, combined with the excellent racing, assisted to make the meeting a most enjoyable one from the competitor's point of view. Socially, the meeting was equally successful, the majority of the leading lights in the marine motoring world being found at Burnham during the three days which were occupied by active racing. The comfort of members was materially increased by the hospitality extended by the Burnham Yacht Club, of which the members of the B.M.B.C. were honorary members during the meeting. The dinner held on the last day of the meeting, when members of both Clubs dined in company, was a fitting conclusion to a record meeting; some hundred members were present and a most pleasant evening was spent, it being the early hours of the morning before the party finally broke up. Bioscope pictures of the racing are appearing at the Palace. These are reproduced under the direction of Mr. Butt, the manager, and will be displayed at performances during the next fortnight. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

The autumn exhibition of motor-cars at Olympia under the auspices of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has been fixed for the period November 13 to November 21. The show will be confined to racing, touring, and pleasure cars, and accessories, and a separate exhibition for commercial vehicles and motor-boats will be held next spring. The principal novelty at the coming exhibition will be the new type of "four-inch" touring cars, which have taken part in the Isle of Man Race, but there will also be several new departures in engine design of a startling character. Over 300 firms have entered their products, and the whole of the space in Olympia and its annexe will be completely occupied.

De Dion Bouton, Ltd., have received the following card from Mr. E. D. Fawcett, the enthusiastic mountaineer: "Haute Savoie.—You will be interested to hear that on the 19th inst. (three up) the De Dion Bouton voiturette made the first ascent of the Grand-Arvey, hitherto considered beyond the power of motor-cars. This road leads from Sallanches, High Savoy, Valley of Arve, past the mountain village of Pragne, to the Nant de Creve-Cœur, in the heart of the Aiguille de Varens, and over 4,000ft. up. It comprises at least six kilometres, with gradients varying from 1 in 4 to 1 in 3 1-3rd. All attested by witnesses and photographs. Peasants presented my wife with a bouquet. Probably the hardest climb (outside mule paths) open to automobiles. A superb test."

The great "Four-Inch" Race, which has aroused unprecedented interest in motoring matters, was brought to a successful conclusion on Thursday, September 24. The consistent success of Dunlop tyres provided the outstanding feature of an altogether noteworthy and exciting event. From the first, Dunlops had matters all their own way. They were fitted to the winning Hutton car, driven by Mr. W. Watson, and to the two Darracqs, which secured second and third places, driven respectively by Mr. A. Lee Guinness and Mr. A. E. George.

Photo **The Winning Hutton Car and One of the Darracq Competitors Rounding Ballacraine Corner** [*Topical Agency*

It was at this point that the second Hutton car competing in the race, driven by P. D. Stirling, came to grief by running into a wall

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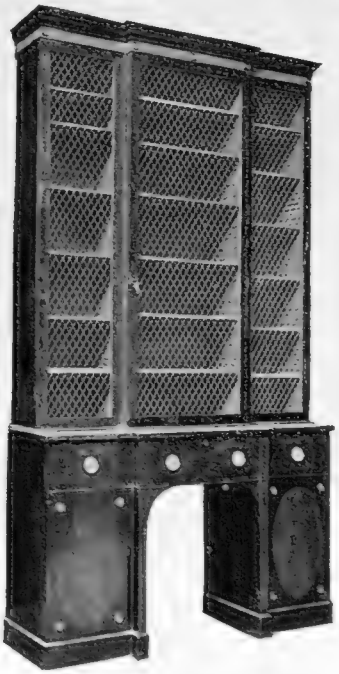

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By MRS. JACK MAY

The Sports' Frock

The sports' frock is the saving of our reason just now. Failing its steadying influence, there is no saying where we might ultimately land under the persistent pressure of extravagance. It was, therefore, with sensations of real relief that I called in the other day at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street, to see their novelties of the season. As usual, the goods in this vast establishment show characteristically workmanlike spirit. There is absolutely nothing but solidity in every sense of the word here. One sits contentedly amidst the odour of tweeds, while the powers that be expound their latest devices to add to the comfort of the latter-day sportswoman.

Most aptly titled is their latest golfing costume, "The Sunningdale," a model commandeered by our artist, as the very best thing of its kind ever produced. The actual suit sketched was in a dust-resisting greyish green mixture, the skirt a seven-gored one—Kenneth Durward's best and most exhaustively tested design. In the coat, however, lies the novelty. This, as the sketch depicts, may be safely described as a glorified Norfolk, the pleats at the back being deftly arranged on an expanding principle, to allow of the wearer securing a fine "drive" without the least restraint. But with the arms at rest there is not the slightest visible evidence of this expansion, the pleats having the appearance of being stitched down. It is really immensely clever, and the suit altogether is exceptionally smart.

Although Messrs. Kenneth Durward are showing a tempting range of brown materials, they have every indication that the leading fancy will remain steadfast to greens, of the familiar "Lovat" *genre*. And the words that issue from Ulster House on all matters pertaining to sports' attire are very essentially words of wisdom.

"The Sunningdale" Golf Costume

(Sketched at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street, by Dorothy Millar)

The Vogue for Draped Trains

One fact I have satisfactorily settled for myself by my last week's journey round the various *ateliers* is that only the few, the very few—I can count them almost on the fingers of one hand—are able to distinguish the best in the present prevailing classical designs. Also, I warn everyone against arriving at a hasty decision respecting a model merely held in the hand, or hastily slipped on to a dummy. The dress of the day exacts individual adaptation; it is scarcely safe even to judge when some graceful *mannequin* essays a display.

A notable feature in several of the most recent models is the draped train. In the case of an exquisite soft mole satin afternoon toilette, the short train fell in two distinct points over a petticoat of *souple* cloth, hemmed almost to the knees with the satin. The Princesse tunic arrangement was in the highest degree artistic and simple, the

The "Sweet old Linen of grandma's days"— the kind that makes family heirlooms.

The following illustrations are selected from the wide range of beautiful designs of Towels and Table Linen, photographic illustrations of which are given in the "Old Bleach" Catalogue post free.

"OLD BLEACH" ART TOWELS

made from genuine grass bleached linen, retain their silky lustre after years of wear. ☞ Irish Linens are the finest the world produces—Old Bleach are the finest Linens produced in Ireland.

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The strength of Old Bleach has passed into a proverb, the High quality and textual beauty is a source of delight to all woo love fine linen, and the suppleness and freedom of Old Bleach Linens are alike practical help and pleasure for needlework and drawn-thread work.

When buying linen it is true economy to buy "Old Bleach." It is sold in all widths and many weights, and the trade mark "Old Bleach" is stamped upon every yard of Linen, Diaper, Huckaback, etc., and upon all Towels, Pillow Slips, Sheets, Aprons, and other piece goods. All first class drapers sell Old Bleach goods.

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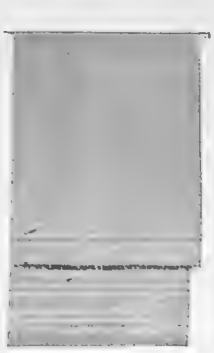
No. FP2. Size 42in. x 24in.
Damask and Huckaback.

The **"Conventional Poppy"** Towel.
No. K25. Size 42in. x 24in.
Damask and Huckaback.

The **"Monogram"** Towel.
No. K26. Size 42in. x 24in.
Damask and Huckaback.
This towel is designed with space for embroidering monogram as shown.

The "Old Bleach" towels are used in the Royal Household. They owe their great popularity not only to their artistic qualities, but to their dainty texture, softness, and great absorbency, and life-lasting qualities.

The New **"Briar Rose"** Towel.
No. K52. Size 42in. x 24in.
Damask and Huckaback.



The **"Huckaback"** Towel.
No. C7. Size 41in. x 24in.
(With Fancy Border)
Plain Huckaback, Hemstitched

This Group shows the beautiful **"Shamrock," "Nasturtium"** and a plain **Huckaback** with fancy ends.

body-part crossing over and visibly buttoning at the left side, this arrangement being continued down the left hip for a short distance and then ceasing as though the strain was too much. I remarked, too, a refreshing change from the ubiquitous tucked white tulle *guimpe* in a chemisette of age-tinted lace, veiled in mole tulle, the latter taking up the diagonal line, or, rather, commencing it, by a deep shaped *plissé jabot.*

Then an evening gown that again betrayed this fancy for an uneven train was an adorable model of rose-petal pink Orient satin—the shade that is full and yet just verging on the fading side. At the left side the skirt was slit up over a petticoat of gold-embroidered white lace, and caught with an enormous jet *cabochon*, while the corsage chiefly comprised a high-folded belt of the satin, into which were tucked *fichu* folds of flesh-coloured tulle. But here the *pièce de résistance* was provided by great angel wings of black tulle, draped at the back like an academic hood, the edges everywhere hemmed with old gold *galon.*

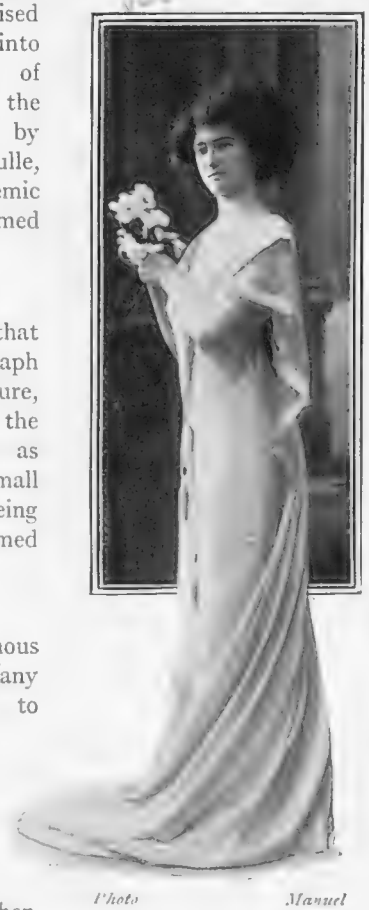


Photo Manuel

A Beautiful Evening Gown

From a design by Bichoff David

A Creation of Bichoff David

It has just occurred to me that I can put in a French photograph that follows, in a close measure, these lines. The presence of the ubiquitous soft satin is obvious, as also the tunic outlined by a small ball fringe, the wing draperies being executed in tulle, the edges hemmed over a satin ribbon.

Cords and Tassels

There appears to be a unanimous following of these two attributes, many of which might almost be turned to account on furnishing fabrics. We have ceased altogether to be tentative in respect of both, and are settling down comfortably to being draped about with cords and weighted with tassels *ad nauseam.* Then as to buttons. These are equally prepared to do no wrong, and meander cheerfully down the back of our sleeves and up the sides or back of our skirts.

Blouses of Coloured Spot Net and Lace

The white net shirt, over which we all waxed enthusiastic during the summer, was not, I think it will be generally admitted, a complete success. Its laundering capabilities were decidedly limited, net having a natural predilection to stretch, and only the favoured few could possibly afford wholly to discard a possession once it was soiled. Quite another story, though, pertains to the new-coloured net slip, an obliging manufacturing world providing a long range in all-over nets by the yard, frequently accompanied by lace insertion. And out of these component parts the ingenious souls who rule over blouse destinies are concocting the most *délicieuse* affairs.

THE MENU: A SUNDAY SUPPER

The dishes, of which I am giving the recipes below, are suggestions for Sunday night supper, which (as it may probably be the cook's evening out) can all be prepared the day before, and heated up by one of the other servants left in charge.

Tomato Soup
Vol-au-Vent of Game or Poultry, or Chicken en Casserole
Cold Roast Beef
Baked Potatoes. Salad
Compôte of Melon
Caviare Eggs

Tomato Soup

Two pounds of sliced tomatoes, one quart of stock, a bunch of sweet herbs, one Spanish onion, whole pepper and salt, 2oz. of crushed tapioca, and 1oz. of butter. Slice the tomatoes, remove the pips, and put them in a stewpan with the butter, onion, herbs, pepper and salt; stew till tender, rub through a sieve, remove the onion and herbs. Heat the stock, sprinkle in the tapioca, cook till clear, then add the tomato purée, season, and serve very hot.

Vol-au-Vent of Game or Poultry

Take some cold game or chicken, and cut into small dice. Have ready about a gill of good stock, made from the trimmings of the game, and seasoned with pepper and salt and a suspicion of nutmeg. Put the meat into this with a gill of cream or milk, ½oz. of butter, and a ½lb. of mushrooms, chopped small. Stir until it boils, and gradually thickens. Whilst cooking the game, a pie-dish should have been lined with short crust and baked. Pour in the mixture, garnish, and serve.

Chicken en Casserole

Truss a fowl for boiling, and put it breast downwards into an earthenware stewpan lined with slices of bacon. Allow this to fry a little, then add the giblets, a pint of cold water, a carrot, an onion, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of salt, and ten peppercorns. Cover closely, and cook gently on the stove, or in the oven, until tender. Then strain off the gravy and season it. Cut the chicken into joints, and garnish with the braised onion and carrots. Thicken the gravy, and serve very hot in the casserole dish in which it was cooked.

Compôte of Melon

Put 1lb. of loaf sugar into a very clean, bright pan. Add to it one pint of cold water and a drop or two of lemon-juice. Boil fast, skimming it well, with the lid on till it is reduced to about half, or till, when you take a little between your finger and thumb and draw them apart, a thin thread is formed. Have ready a peeled melon with the seeds removed and cut into pieces about two inches long and half an inch thick. Lay these pieces in the syrup, add a pinch of cinnamon, and simmer very gently about ten or fifteen minutes. Then draw the pan off the fire, and let it remain for about two hours, or till quite cold. Arrange the slices in a glass dish and strain the syrup over.

Caviare Eggs

Hard-boil some eggs, shell them, and cut off a piece from the pointed end, so that when cut in half both halves will stand upright. Remove the yolk, and fill with caviare. Pound the yolk with a little butter, pepper, and salt, and make as many balls, the size of marbles, as there are cases of caviare, and ornament each case with a ball of the egg yolk. Arrange in a silver dish on a bed of cress. EMILIA.

The Bystander, September 30, 1908

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 252.—Vol. XIX. Wednesday, September 30, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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IN THE BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST.
FISHING. GOLF.

TO BE SOLD, or would be LET, Furnished, a RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of nearly 70 acres, with a moderate-sized RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent views: 6 reception rooms, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, and usual offices; stabling for 14; motor-house and pit; ample cottages; gas is laid on; modern drainage; lovely old lawns, shrubberies, peach-house, vinery, glasshouses, etc.; forest shooting licence can be obtained; golf and fishing; village 1 mile distant. —Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,973)

AN OLD SUFFOLK HOMESTEAD.

£5,000 WITH 200 ACRES; a great bargain; 3 miles from a market town and main line station. The Residence is a gentleman's place in every way: 4 reception, 7 bed, bath (h. and c.), etc.; on a knoll with good views; acetylene gas; excellent arable and grassland, with a stream, in all nearly 200 acres, with ample farm-buildings. —KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

A.D. 1551.
A UNIQUE PROPERTY POSSESSING EXCEPTIONAL PRIVILEGES.
45 MINUTES FROM TOWN, YET IN A LOVELY SECLUDED SPOT.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above historic RESIDENCE, in a good state of preservation. It dates back to 1551, and is said to have been the gift of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; also servants' hall and usual offices; exceptionally fine detached stabling; 4 good cottages; small farmery; Company's gas and water; main drainage; old-world gardens, wide spreading lawns, adorned by clumps of shrubs, sloping to the river's bank; magnificent old trees; prolific walled kitchen garden and small orchard; private fishing rights; hunting and golf.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (4,029)

JUST WITHIN THE HOUR OF TOWN.
ABSOLUTELY RURAL SURROUNDINGS.

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.
400FT. ABOVE SEA. RAGSTONE SUBSOIL.

THE MOST DELIGHTFUL SCENERY in the South of England, absolutely unspoilt by modern developments, with glorious views over a varied landscape. The House is

100 YEARS OLD,

with fine old stone walls 2ft. thick, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. (house easily enlarged); stabling for 3; 2 fine old Elizabethan cottages. The grounds, comprising 7 acres, are beyond description. So plentiful are the fruit, nuts, and vegetables that the surplus

PAYS THE ENTIRE UP-KEEP OF THE GROUNDS.

—Full particulars of this charming little Property of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (4,022)

NEAR THE SHROPSHIRE BORDERS OF CHESHIRE, within easy reach of Chester and Crewe, and a drive of Cholmondeley and Comber Mere.

To be SOLD, the above gabled artistic RESIDENCE, enjoying a pleasant situation amidst lovely country: large entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including housekeeper's room, and servants' hall; Company's gas and water; stabling for 11; coachman's cottage; tastefully laid-out gardens and meadow-land, in all about 12½ acres; good hunting.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,003)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

LEICESTERSHIRE (between Melton Mowbray and Loughborough, in the centre of the Quorn Country, about 2½ miles from Syston, a junction station of the Midland main line, about 8½ miles from Melton and Loughborough, and only about 7 miles from Leicester, whence London is reached in less than 2 hours, while other important centres are equally accessible).—The very valuable Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as

"THE COPPICE," QUENIBOROUGH,

about 283 acres in extent, practically within a ring fence, and comprising the above gentleman's moderate-sized Residence, standing in well-timbered pleasure grounds and parklands, and approached through an avenue of chestnuts and sycamore by a long carriage drive: 5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 12 horses; croquet lawn, 2 vineries, etc.; a well-equipped set of buildings, including accommodation for 34 horses, and which, together with the well-watered and rich pastures and arable lands, form an ideal Stud or Pleasure Farm. Another gentleman's Residence or Hunting Box known as "The Oaks," and two other smaller Residences; a parcel of very fertile building and accommodation land, several cottages and small holdings, the whole producing actual and fairly estimated rentals amounting to nearly £1,200 per annum. Hunting six days a week (Quorn and Mr. Fernie's), polo, golf.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the whole for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, E.C., on Thursday, October 15, 1908 (unless previously Sold Privately).—Particulars of Messrs. CROFTON, CRAVEN and WORTHINGTON, Solicitors, 36, Brazennose Street, Manchester; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

BERKS (River district), 28 miles by motor, 40 minutes by G.W.Ry. from London, close to post and telegraph offices, church, etc.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an unusually charming modern RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive but pretty pleasure grounds, together with 2 paddocks, extending in all to about 3 acres. It contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; water is laid on, the drainage is modern, and the premises are lighted throughout by electricity; stabling for 3 horses, saddle room, coach-house, 2 cottages; hunting with foxhounds and staghounds; golf links close by.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,675)

HARROW COUNTRY (5 minutes' walk from 2 stations, with excellent Town services).—To be LET, Furnished, for short or long period, the above perfectly appointed old-fashioned BIJOU RESIDENCE, with carriage drive, adjoined by exquisitely charming old-world flower gardens, tennis and other lawns, arbours, etc., and containing: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, and comfortable offices; Company's gas and water; stabling for 4.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,736)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET. Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

£2,400 WILL PURCHASE Bijou COUNTRY HOUSE and 30 ACRES, in a pretty part of Sussex, a little over an hour from Town: 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; gardens, orchard, 2 conservatories; cottage and outbuildings; 2½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,951)

ADJOINING PINE WOODS, ON THE BERKS AND HANTS BORDERS, AND ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR FROM PADDINGTON.

£1,200 WILL PURCHASE the above little HOUSE, containing: 4 bed, 3 sitting, and bathrooms, standing in well-wooded grounds, including tennis lawn, and well-stocked garden; gravel soil; acetylene gas.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,435)

REGENT'S PARK.

A SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED AND HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN DETACHED FAMILY RESIDENCE (Willett-built, in red brick with stone facings), having a very large garden and excellent stabling, occupying a notedly healthy and delightful situation, a few yards only from the North Gate of Regent's Park, and thus within easy access of all parts of the West End. The entire premises are in the highest state of decorative and structural repair, and have throughout been fitted with every conceivable modern convenience regardless of expense.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

(acting in conjunction with Mr. ERNEST OWERS) have been instructed by the owner to OFFER by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Thursday, October 15, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously Sold by private treaty), the truly delightful Property known as

"AYLMERTON," 9, AVENUE ROAD, N.W.,

held upon a Howard de Walden Lease for the long unexpired term of about 96 years, at the moderate Ground Rent of £100 per annum. The accommodation comprises: on the first and second floors—12 light and airy bed and dressing rooms, 3 splendidly fitted bathrooms, linen room, boxroom, workroom, etc.; on the ground floor—an imposing reception hall, panelled in inlaid oak, from which rises the beautiful solid oak galleried principal staircase, 2 fine drawing rooms, which communicate by sliding doors, morning room, study, a handsome dining room panelled in mahogany; all these rooms have costly parquet floorings, cloakroom; the domestic offices on the same floor are exceptionally commodious and splendidly fitted; they include kitchen, servants' hall, butler's pantry, storeroom, tradesmen's entrance, etc.; the capital stabling (which is well removed from the house) consists of private enclosed yard, 2 loose boxes, 2 stalls, harness room, coach-houses for 4 carriages, and good living rooms over.

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

—Printed particulars can be obtained of Messrs. KIMBER, BULL and DUNCAN, Solicitors, 6, Old Jewry, E.C.; of Mr. ERNEST OWERS, Finchley Road (L. and N.W.R.) Station and West Hampstead; or of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, at their Auction Offices, 10, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., W.

IN THE BEST PART OF BERKS.

2 miles from Newbury, 70 minutes from London.

THE LEASEHOLD INTEREST in the exceedingly charming BIJOU RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as "THE DURNALS," covering an area of about 59 acres, and comprising an extremely pretty and very comfortable Country Residence of moderate size, perfectly appointed and in good repair; stabling for 5; extensive lawns and pleasure grounds of great beauty, orchards, paddocks, a small secondary residence, and 3 superior cottages.

Adjoining the Leasehold Property are 2 smaller Freehold Houses known as "Fair View" and "Parry's Cottage" respectively, and about 41 acres of superbly positioned Freehold Building Land, admirably suitable for high-class residences.

Capital hunting, shooting, fishing, and golf.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

(in conjunction with Messrs. DREWEATT and WATSON) will OFFER the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Thursday, October 15, 1908, at 2 o'clock, in the following Lots (unless previously Sold):

Lot		a.	r.	p.
1.	"The Durnals" and Land (Leasehold)	58	2	32
2.	"Parry's Cottage" and Land (Freehold)	22	1	5
3.	Residential Building Site (Freehold) ..	8	0	29
4.	"Fair View" and Land (Freehold)....	10	3	6

Particulars of G. GARDNER LEADER, Esq., Solicitor, 24, Lime Street, London, E.C., and Newbury; Messrs. DREWEATT and WATSON, Estate Agents, Newbury; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

NEWBURY (A MILE FROM).

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE an old-fashioned, ivy-clad COTTAGE RESIDENCE, beautifully situated on a hill with uninterrupted views. Stable, walled and prolific kitchen garden, lawn, with grand old trees. 4 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, good offices. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,060)

COBHAM Surrey.—In this lovely district. £3,500 will purchase a charming HOUSE and 3 acres of lovely grounds. High, open, and healthy situation; 8 minutes from station; sandy soil; 9 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), good reception rooms, lounge hall; electric light; Company's water.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St, W. (23,100)

IN A FAVOURITE NORTHERN SUBURB (near to a station, ½ hour from Town).—To be SOLD, a valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY of over 1½ acres, in perfect order. It comprises the above attractive Residence, very well fitted, and containing: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, and bathroom; gas and water laid on; stabling for 2. The House is surrounded by exceptionally charming and well-timbered grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and glasshouses; part may be developed for building without serious detriment to the remainder; 2 valuable road frontages.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,038)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

ONE OF THE FINEST PROPERTIES IN THE LOVELY NEW FOREST DISTRICT, COMMANDING EXTENSIVE VIEWS.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Furnished, a magnificent old-fashioned MANSION, standing in finely timbered park of about 70 acres; lovely old grounds: suite of reception rooms, billiard room, 22 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling for 14; lodge and cottages.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,864)

FINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE. OLD-WORLD GROUNDS AND PARK.

G.W.R. (in a lovely position, surrounded by finely timbered park and lovely old grounds): suite of reception rooms, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling.

OLD OAK PANELLING.

Well away from road and motor dust. To be SOLD at a very moderate figure.—Inspected and recommended as a really choice property, in perfect order, by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be SOLD, the above fine old

QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE,

in excellent repair: large hall, oak staircase and gallery, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; detached ballroom.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS.

—Full particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ASHDOWN FOREST DISTRICT.

£1,250 FOR THIS CHARMING FREEHOLD COTTAGE RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty old grounds of about 2 acres, with lawns, flower garden, orchard, kitchen garden, and paddock. The House, which is in perfect order, contains: porch entrance, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, large smoking lounge, workshop, and good offices; within a few miles of the noted Ashdown Forest Golf Links, commanding lovely views.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,563)

TO YACHTING MEN AND OTHERS.

HANTS.—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, well back from road; pretty grounds of 3½ acres: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3. About 1 mile of sea. Price, Freehold, £2,000.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,412)

2 MINUTES FROM FOXGROVE GOLF CLUB.

KENT (Beckenham).—To be SOLD, charming RESIDENCE, pretty garden, tennis lawn: 4 reception, billiard room, 8 bed and dressing, bathroom, etc. Electric light and telephone. Price, only £1,300.—Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOMERSET (Minehead).—To be SOLD, beautifully placed RESIDENCE, with pretty grounds of 1½ acres, carriage drive, lodge: hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling; electric light; excellent hunting. Price, £2,750.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.) as above. (S 7,386)

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY. ONLY IN THE MARKET OWING TO ADVERSE CIRCUMSTANCES.

SURREY (in one of the prettiest spots in the lovely Dorking district).—An exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, surrounded by

LOVELY GROUNDS

of about 2½ acres, with rose garden, lawns and kitchen garden, miniature waterfall, etc.: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, lodge.

QUITE A SHOW PLACE.

—Strongly recommended from inspection by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,774)

HERTS (about 30 minutes from London).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE for the Winter or by the year: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; nice garden. Low Rent.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON. — To be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good reception rooms (2 panelled), 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, greenhouse, flower and kitchen garden; gas and water laid on. Rent, only £50 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

1 HOUR OF LONDON. IN A LOVELY POSITION.

HANTS.—To be SOLD, a charmingly placed modern RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 11 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc., 2 lounge halls, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom.

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

High, bracing, gravel soil.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,607)

BUCKS BORDERS, 44 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.

MUST BE SOLD (for family reasons), this charming RESIDENCE, exceptionally well built for owner's occupation, secluded in grounds of 1¼ acres: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 reception rooms, etc.; in perfect order; stabling, paddock, tennis lawn, etc.; ideal situation, 400ft. above sea level, on sand soil, near celebrated pine woods and Woburn Park; excellent residential district.—Box K 3,686, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£100 DOWN WILL SECURE a delightful RESIDENCE in an open situation, within 5 minutes' walk of Hanwell Station (G.W. Ry.). It contains: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices; gardens back and front. 92 years' Lease at £8 10s. Ground Rent.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,067, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO CITY MEN.

SURREY.—One of the most charming PROPERTIES, situated within 8 miles of Charing Cross, for SALE. The well-built House contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, etc.; the grounds (of about 1½ acres) are the great feature, being beautifully wooded and in perfect order.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,120, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—For SALE, a picturesque RESIDENCE, formerly a farmhouse, recently modernised regardless of expense. It enjoys a perfectly secluded position, 300ft. above the sea, with South aspect: billiard, 5 reception, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 6; shady pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive fruit and vegetable garden, and 3 enclosures of rich old pasture, in all about 15 acres; excellent hunting; shooting and fishing can be had in the district.—Price (two-thirds can remain on mortgage) and further particulars of Box K 3,828, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT.—For SALE, a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 438ft. above sea level, near station, and within 50 minutes of London. The accommodation comprises: 5 good reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 3 horses, and 2 cottages for gardener and coachman; the grounds, which are finely timbered, extend to about 3½ acres, and contain towering masses of rhododendrons, shady avenues, and shrubbery walks; the Residence is prettily overgrown with wistaria, Virginia creeper, roses, ivy, and other climbing plants.—Price and full particulars on application to Box K 3,619, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£130 PER ANNUM.—To be LET, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in matured grounds of 3 acres. It is only 45 minutes from London, and contains: entrance hall (14ft. 6in. by 14ft.), drawing room (20ft. by 15ft. 6in.), billiard room (33ft. by 17ft. 9in.), study, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including servants' hall, stabling for 5 horses; coach and motor-houses; beautiful old garden, 2 tennis courts, good kitchen garden.—Box K 3,956, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, WITH EARLY POSSESSION.

CHOBHAM, SURREY (near Woking, Ascot, and Sunningdale, and 30 minutes from Woking to London).—RESIDENCE, with stabling, farm, and about 7½ acres. Accommodation: 8 bedrooms, dressing and bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, and spacious offices; stabling and coach-house, and shed for motor; general farm buildings, and large open yard; well-arranged gardens, tennis lawn, good kitchen garden and greenhouses, gardener's cottage, etc. Rent, £150 per annum.—Further particulars of Messrs. REYNOLDS AND EASON, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, 43, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C.

HINDHEAD AND FRENSHAM, SURREY (in a lovely situation, commanding magnificent views over the pine-clad hills).—To be SOLD, an exceptionally charming gentleman's RESIDENCE, beautifully placed in nearly 30 acres of grounds and woodland: 12 bed, bath, billiard, and 3 or 4 reception, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, etc.; stabling for 7, 2 cottages; Company's water; acetylene gas. Moderate price.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by the Sole Agent, REGINALD C. S. EVENNETT, Farnham; and at Haslemere and Hindhead.

LOW PRICE FOR QUICK SALE.

By orders of Executors.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—EDENBRIDGE (convenient for station, etc.).

SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT RESIDENCE

away from road, 2 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and offices. Ample stabling. Well-laid-out and

MATURED GROUNDS,

tennis and croquet lawns, large and partly walled productive kitchen garden, paddock.

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES.

Company's water and gas. Main drainage.—Further details of Box HS 26, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

GOLF LINKS ¾ MILE.

SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres, and commanding lovely views: spacious entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, usual offices; well-shaded garden, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

Mr. F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT.

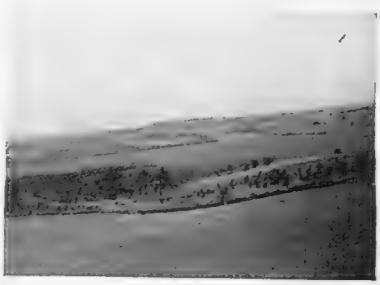
72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

SURVEYOR VALUER.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS (1 mile from station, 5 miles from Battle).—To be LET, beautifully Furnished modern HOUSE, built in the eighteenth-century style, overlooking the valley of Rother and Bodiam Castle, and from the windows uninterrupted panoramic views are obtained. The accommodation comprises: Moorish lounge hall (20ft. by 18ft.), dining room (22ft. by 20ft.), drawing room (24ft. by 16ft.), study (16ft. by 12½ft.), all the foregoing being oak-panelled, and the Moorish lounge marble paved; on the first floor are 7 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 servants' bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), linen cupboard; second floor, servants' bedroom, boxroom; the stabling includes 2 stalls, loose box, double coach-house, coachman's cottage of 5 rooms, engine house, potting sheds, etc.; hunting with the East Sussex Foxhounds, Crowhurst Otterhounds, and Romsey Marsh Harriers; golf links at Battle. Rent, 10 gns. per week for short period, or for a year 300 gns., tenant paying upkeep. Shooting extra.

Inspected and strongly recommended by F. J. RONALD, 72 Victoria Street, S.W. (S 823)



WINDSOR FOREST.

TO BE LET, for a year, the above GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, which is charmingly Furnished. The accommodation comprises: fine hall with dome roof, drawing, dining, morning, and billiard rooms, usual offices, servants' hall, butler's pantry, 12 large bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling for 12 horses, double coach-house, 3 rooms over, dairy; the pleasure grounds are extremely pretty, lawns, rose garden, lily pond, tennis court, orchard, and woodland walks leading to a lake which is well stocked with carp, five meadows; farmery for 6 cows and outbuildings; main water supply; telephone; petrol gas installation throughout; 3 miles from Sunningdale, and 1 mile from Ascot Heath; golf links; hunting with Garth's, South Berks Foxhounds, Berks and Bucks Staghounds. Rent, 600 gns. per annum, to include Ascot race week.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (O 15)

ON A HILLSIDE, 14 miles of the City, with a peculiarly good train service.—To be SOLD (will not Let), this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully laid-out and thoroughly matured grounds. The House, replete with every modern comfort, is soundly built, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.).

Price and all particulars of F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,245)

PEMBROKESHIRE.

TO BE LET, Furnished, or partly Furnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, overlooking Milford Haven.

The accommodation comprises: 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 5, several acres of woods and plantations, large croquet lawn, kitchen garden, etc.; very good mixed shooting over 1 200 acres; very lightly shot last season.

Rent for 6 months, Furnished, £100, or partially Furnished, £115 per annum, tenant paying upkeep.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (W 3,022)

2,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

PEMBROKESHIRE (3 miles from a main line station on G.W.R.). — To be LET, for a year, this delightful COUNTRY HOUSE, very healthily and prettily situated, with views of the sea and mountains. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception rooms, usual domestic offices, housekeeper's and housemaid's rooms, servants' hall; above are 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, saddle-room; well-wooded grounds, large kitchen garden; good trout fishing within easy distance; hunting, 1½ miles distant; good rough mixed shooting over 2,000 acres, more could be had; gravel soil; good society. Rent for House, stables, and gardens, £100 per annum; or with the shooting, £150 per annum.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (W 3,023)

ON THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTH DOWNS.

TO BE SOLD, this artistic and substantially built modern Tudor-design RESIDENCE, designed by a well-known London architect, enjoying lovely views of the surrounding country. The House is approached by a carriage drive 800ft. in length, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: fine oak-panelled lounge hall, dining, morning, billiard rooms, octagonal boudoir in tower with French windows, the reception rooms have parquet flooring, large winter garden; usual domestic offices, including butler's pantry; approached by the principal and secondary staircases are 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, smoking room opening on to tower room; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house and harness room; the grounds, in all 29 acres, consist of pleasure gardens, rose garden, paddock, meadow-land, and orchard; 4 large glasshouses; rooms for 4 men, farmery, dairy, and engine house; acetylene gas throughout, good water supply, and modern drainage; golf links 2 miles.

Price on application to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,263)

Hunting with the Crawley, Horsham, and South Downs Foxhounds. Panoramic views of the Brighton and Sussex Downs.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER.

SUSSEX. — A lady's beautifully equipped RESIDENCE, recently erected with every care, and fitted with all modern comforts, occupying a choice and healthy position 1¼ miles from railway station, and within 1¾ hours of London: hall with lavatory and cloakroom, dining and drawing rooms, large lounge opening on to lawn, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), domestic offices; detached stabling and cottage.

ALL RECENTLY ERECTED AND IN PERFECT ORDER.

Grounds of 15 acres; excellent drainage, acetylene gas, telephone. Rent, 7 gns. per week.

Personally inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 831)

1 ACRE. £1,350.

BUCKS (600ft. above sea level, close to an extensive common, 34 minutes from Town by the G.C.R.).—For SALE, or would LET, Furnished, a COUNTRY COTTAGE, in the Queen Anne style, containing: 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms; tastefully laid-out grounds of 1 acre, including a lovely flower garden, with about 300 rose trees.

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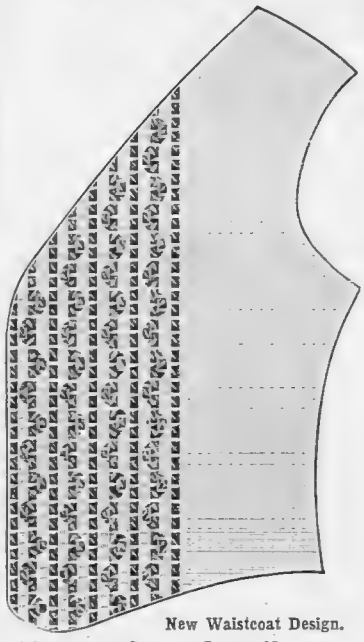

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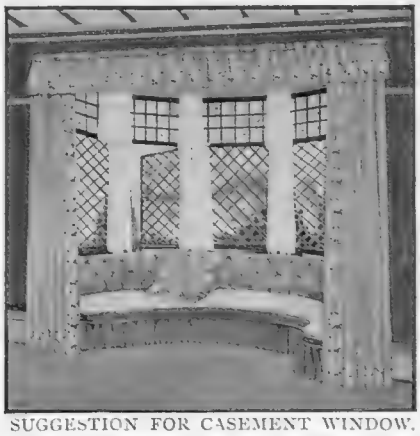

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A Woman's Note Book

The "Child Garden" of Growing Souls

There probably has never been any educational hobby so popular, nor one possessing such inherent vitality by which to retain its popularity, as that of the Kindergarten system. In the beginning a luxury for the children of the rich, it has slowly spread its influence through all classes, and is becoming more and more favoured by the public education authorities as a means of instructing the children of the poor. There is something soothing, beautiful, humane in that "child garden" of young growing souls, in the breaking away from rules and drudgery, irksome and often injurious to juvenile development. It was a new idea that children should be tended as the flowers, their budding qualities fostered, nourished, assisted to produce a natural and unselfconscious grace and beauty, rather than repressed to formalism, like the old yew hedges, or clipped into fantastic shapes as the peacock trees in old-fashioned gardens, to suit their elders' rather grotesque fancies.

School as Nursery

But hobbies, and even enthusiasms, of the best are a little apt to run away with people, and present-day educators, in their desire to do all and be all to the little ones who play at life and learning, are sometimes likely to defeat their own ends of teaching self-development by making this planet all too smooth a place for the youthful to live upon. A clever, bright, normal child loves grappling with a subject, but energy stagnates and finally disappears if everything is done to make learning too easy. Directly learning comes in effort must come also. Nursery schools are the best things in the world, so long as they are partly schools and not only nurseries.

A Needed Improvement

The objections against children of very tender years attending ordinary schools have, happily, been growing lately. Unfortunately, circumstances for which our poor are often not to blame, frequently make their home-life yet more undesirable, and, as a country, we are not advanced in our system of *crêches*. The Consultative Committee has recently presented a report to the Board of Education dealing with this difficult problem, and advocating "nursery" schools, much on the lines of the Kindergarten system. So long as these schools do not spoil the small inmates to the extent of producing mental laziness, so long as they keep interest bright and effort strong, they ought to prove the ideal manner in which to commence training.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Trade mark of Elliman's Royal Embrocation.

The uses of Elliman's.

Animals Treatment.

Elliman's Embrocation owing to its antiseptic properties, can be used with advantage in the treatment of wounds, or abrasions of the skin, when diluted one part Elliman's to ten parts water (see pp. 22-23, E.F.A. Booklet).

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As a Mild Stimulant or rubefacient when slight swellings have to be dispersed, and in the treatment of bruises or slight sprains (see pp. 24-25, E.F.A. Booklet).

As a Counter-Irritant when a blistering action is required, as in the treatment of chronic inflammation, thickened ligaments, old standing enlargements, bony growths. The action of Elliman's as a counter-irritant is greatly increased by previously fomenting the part with hot water (see Ring-Bone, p. 61, the complete book).

The Skin of Horses, it must be borne in mind, varies in thickness and sensitiveness in the different breeds, and in the different parts of the same animal. In a thoroughbred, and well-bred horses, the skin is much thinner than it is in the common breeds.

The Skin of Cattle is much thicker and less sensitive.

The Skin of the Dog is so very sensitive that dogs should not be treated in the same manner as other animals; also it is very absorbent, hence in that animal a larger surface than is necessary should not be treated, nor a large quantity of the Embrocation used at one time, about the body in particular. When rubbing is indicated, it should be done gently.

A copy of the E.F.A. booklet, referred to above, 64 pages (which is a summary of the complete work, 123 pages), is enclosed inside wrappers of all bottles, price 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d., of Elliman's Royal Embrocation.

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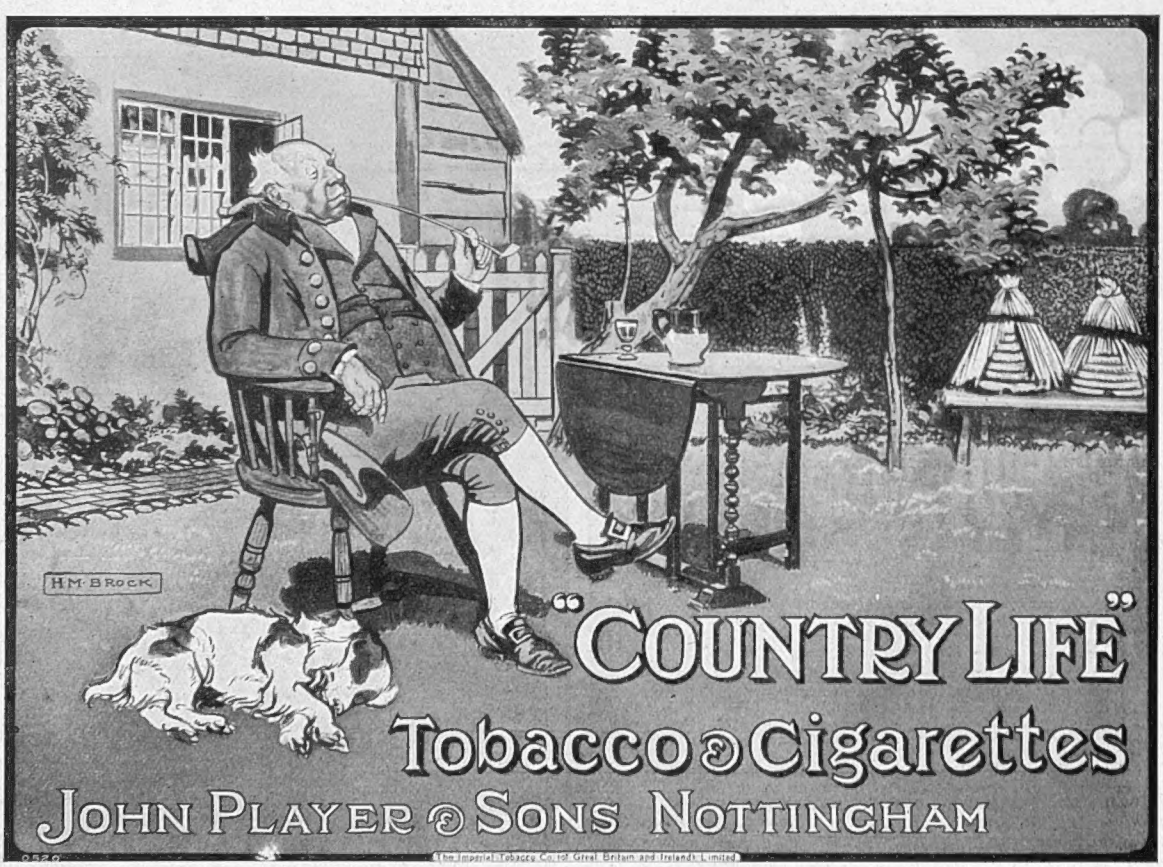
THE GARDEN

Edgings for the Border

Its excessive formality has brought into disfavour the box-edging once almost universal, and now the difficulty is to decide on the best substitute for it. Low wooden blocks may be used with excellent effect, gaps being left between sections of different lengths to take away from their regularity, and plants encouraged to tumble over them. The objection to wood is that, when in contact with the damp soil, it does not last very long, and as it decays various insects and fungi gather in it. For this reason stone is better, either in the form of large flints or of irregular blocks of a size that will allow of their being set firmly in the ground without rising too high above it. Low-growing plants should be trailed over them, but not so as to hide the blocks completely. If suitable stone is not easily procurable, large clinkers may be used instead. But they should first be washed with watery Portland cement, and, while still wet, rolled in sand. When so treated they look like sand-stone, though more irregular in shape. Cemented together to form larger blocks, they make excellent material for the rockery. Tiles should be avoided. The plants would be just as effective by themselves. And in some gardens masses of aubretias, arabis, pinks, or similar plants form the only edging to the borders, and very well they look. If they encroach too much on the path it is easy to cut them back.

The Cultivation of Calochorti

Mariposa lilies (Calochorti), though most frequently grown in this country in frames or greenhouses, are sufficiently hardy to be planted in the open ground, and they are so beautiful that it is well worth while to take some trouble to satisfy their special requirements. An ordinary English winter will not injure them if only they can be kept fairly dry, but damp and cold together are fatal to them. The bulbs should, therefore, be grown either in the upper part of the rockery or else in a raised bed, and in order that moisture should drain away more rapidly the soil should be light, a mixture of sand and leaf-mould being especially suitable. They should be planted in September or October, or even as late as November, and as a protection during the winter the ground should be covered with bracken or some similar material. The covering may be held in position by means of a stick or two laid across it, or by being fastened down with string. It should be removed early in March. As the flowering of the bulbs depends on their being ripened properly, it is advisable—at any rate, in a cold summer—to lift them after the tops wither, and dry them off in a frame. If preferred, they may be left in the ground and a hand-light placed over them. There are a number of different species of calochorti flowering at different times—from May to August—so their season is a long one. H. C. DAVIDSON.



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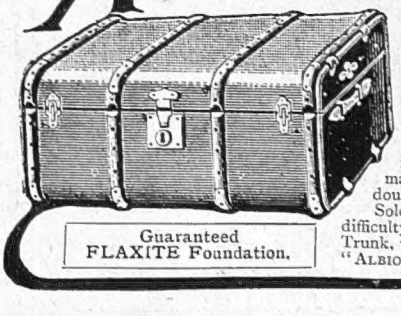

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The Editor's Box

The Empire

It is no easy thing to step into the shoes of an established London favourite and to become an immediate popular success. But Mlle. Lydia Kyaksht, who has succeeded Mlle. Genée as principal dancer in the ballet "Coppelia," at the Empire, at once danced her way to the hearts of all Empirites. She is an exquisite dancer, and her movements are all graceful and fairylike. At times, when she is gliding over the stage, her feet seem scarcely to touch the ground. We are able to sympathise with St. Petersburg, for, as we have lost Genée to America, so has St. Petersburg lost Mlle. Kyaksht to us. Velanche's dogs are clever, and, at the end of their entertainment, there is an exciting canine football match.

For Photographers

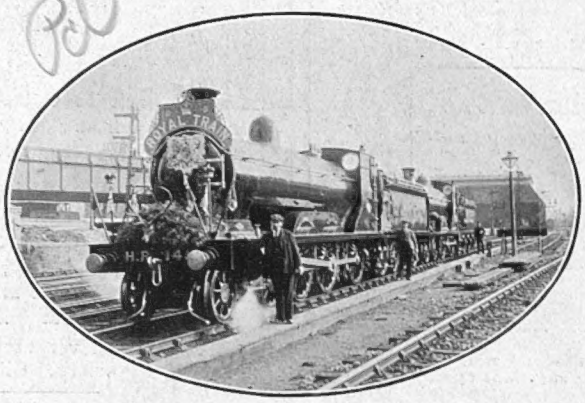
I have recently received a sample packet of the new Kodak Self-Toning Collodian Paper, the special feature of which is its ability to give colder tones by plain fixing than are usually obtainable with papers of this class. I found the result most satisfactory in printing out some of this year's holiday snapshots, and can heartily recommend it to photographic readers.

Food for Infants

A commodity that has stood the rough-and-tumble test of fifty years on the market has every claim to consideration; therefore, mothers should have no hesitation in making a trial, if they have not already done so, of Savory and Moore's "Best" Food for Infants. Long experience has fully justified its title, for its nourishing properties are unequalled, and the most delicate baby can digest it, while it is most economical in use. A large trial tin will be sent on application, accompanied by six stamps, being made to Savory and Moore, Ltd., 143, New Bond Street. With it will also be sent a handbook of the utmost value to mothers, or this will be sent alone on receipt of a postcard.

Royal Train on the Highland Railway

During his Majesty the King's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon at Tulchan Lodge, in the Highlands, the Highland Railway Company's engine, "Ballindalloch Castle," was used for the Royal train between Perth and Boat of Garten. Travellers who have visited this most picturesque section of the Highland Railway Company's line know the heavy task allotted to the Highland engines, which have to grapple with a gradient more severe than any British locomotive is required to perform. The chief dimensions of these engines, known on the Highland line as the "Castle Class," and each bearing the name of a famous Highland castle, are as follows: Outside cylinders, 19½in. by 26in.; leading bogie and six coupled wheels, 5ft. 9in. diameter; heating surface, 2,050ft.; bogie tender carrying 3,350 gallons of water; total weight in running order, 100 tons.



The Engine that Drew the King's Train

"Ballindalloch Castle," the Highland Railway Company's splendid locomotive, which was used on the Royal train between Perth and Boat of Garten

Cailler's Chocolate Competition

Quite one of the most generous competitions devised for the public is Cailler's new chocolate competition for 1908, just commencing. Not only are there fourteen liberal cash prizes ranging from £25 to £2 10s. each, but presents, in the shape of boxes of chocolate, will be given to all those competitors sending in outside wrappers to the value of 5s. The conditions of the competition are extremely simple. Upon the outside wrapper of every packet of Cailler's chocolate the face value is marked. All the competitor has to do is to save these wrappers, tie them together, write his or her name upon the bundle, and send them during the month of December, 1908, to Cailler's Competition Offices, 8 and 10, Duke Street, Liverpool. Wrappers sent after December 31, 1908, will not be qualified. A feature of the competition is that it makes no distinction; men, women, boys, girls, and children can all compete on equal terms.

An Interesting Biography

One of the most interesting biographies of the present publishing season should be a book announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. George Bancroft, the famous American statesman and diplomatist, had the good fortune to meet a very large number of the celebrities of the last century. Among his acquaintances were Goethe, Humboldt, Byron, and Lafayette; he was on intimate terms with von Moltke, Bismarck, and the Emperor William, and "His Life and Letters" by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, will also include anecdotes of many well-known people.

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